



Also *Tommy* **TOMORROW** SPACE PLANETEER



SUPERMAN

ACTION COMICS

JAN. NO. 188

10c

Featuring
THE SPECTRAL SUPERMAN!

AM

THERE GOES
SUPERMAN--
A MENACE TO
EARTH EVER
SINCE HE BECAME
RADIOACTIVE!

GOODBYE,
SUPERMAN!
WILL I EVER
SEE YOU
AGAIN?



C4319



LEAVE IT TO Binky

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"



HIYA, LUCY! GOSH, THAT'S SWEET OF YOU SETTING OUT THOSE COOKIES FOR MY PARTY TONIGHT.

YOUR PARTY? THESE ARE FOR THE MEMBERS OF MY SCHOOL CLUB WHO ARE MEETING HERE TONIGHT.



WHAT? BUT I SPOKE TO MOTHER LAST WEEK ABOUT HAVING MY CROWD OVER TONIGHT, AND SHE SAID IT WAS OKAY.

I'M SORRY, BINKY, BUT MOTHER MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN ABOUT MY MEETING. YOU'LL HAVE TO CALL YOUR PARTY OFF!

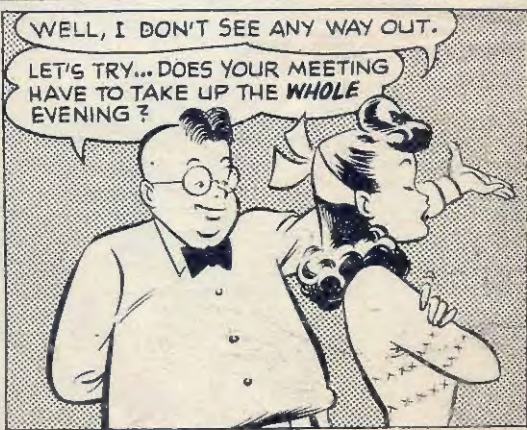
OH-OH! THERE'S GONNA BE FIREWORKS ANY MINUTE!

MOM!
POP!



NOW, WAIT A MINUTE, CHILDREN, BEFORE YOU START ANY FURTHER BICKERING. LET'S DISCUSS THIS SENSIBLY, SAME AS YOU DO AT YOUR STUDENT COUNCIL MEETINGS.

YES, AND AT HOME, TOO. FATHER AND I DISCUSS FAMILY MATTERS WITH YOU, DON'T WE?



WELL, I DON'T SEE ANY WAY OUT.

LET'S TRY... DOES YOUR MEETING HAVE TO TAKE UP THE **WHOLE** EVENING?



NO-O... WE'RE STARTING AT 8- AND I SUPPOSE WE **COULD** BE THROUGH BY 9:30.

THEN, PERHAPS BINKY COULD POSTPONE HIS PARTY UNTIL THEN, AND YOU COULD DO SOMETHING AFTERWARDS..

SURE! I'LL ORGANIZE A TREASURE HUNT THAT'LL TAKE US AWAY FROM THE HOUSE UNTIL THE MEETING IS OVER. HOW'S THAT?

THAT'S OKAY WITH ME! WE'LL GO ROLLER-SKATING AFTER OUR MEETING.

PERFECT! THEN NOBODY WILL BE IN THE WAY OF YOUR GROUP, LUCY--AND BINKY'S CROWD CAN TAKE OVER AFTER-WARDS! I HAVE ENOUGH COOKIES FOR EVERYBODY!



THAT'S THE SPIRIT! IT'S WONDERFUL WHAT A LITTLE DISCUSSION WILL DO.

NOW I CAN HAVE SOME PEACE AROUND HERE! I'M ALL FOR MORE DEMOCRACY AT HOME!

SUPERMAN

FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET, MORE POWERFUL THAN A LOCOMOTIVE, ABLE TO LEAP THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN-- THAT'S SUPERMAN, THE IDOL OF MILLIONS AND THE CHAMPION OF THE UNDERDOG. AND YET, THANKS TO THOSE SAME ASTOUNDING POWERS FOR WHICH THE WHOLE WORLD ADMIRES HIM, THE MAN OF STEEL SUDDENLY FINDS HIMSELF AN OUTCAST, AVOIDED AND SHUNNED BY EVERYONE. AND IT ALL BEGAN WITH THE FATEFUL EVENT THAT TURNED HIM INTO THE FEARFUL FIGURE OF--

"THE SPECTRAL SUPERMAN!"

IT'S
SUPERMAN!
RUN!

TAKE COVER-- CLEAR
THE STREETS!
SUPERMAN'S
COMING!

ACTION COMICS, No. 188, January, 1954. Published monthly by National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. Entered as second class matter April 4, 1938 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. \$1.50 including postage. Foreign, \$3.00 in American funds. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 205 E. 42nd

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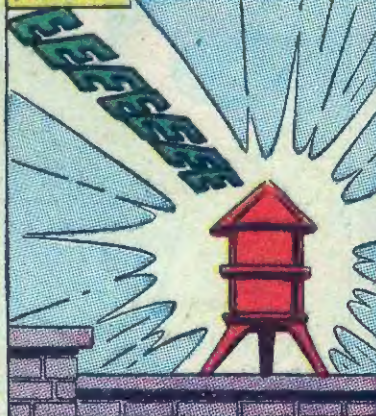
Printed in U.S.A.

IT SEEMS LIKE ANY OTHER MONDAY MORNING AS REPORTER CLARK KENT ARRIVES AT THE DAILY PLANET...

MORNING, LOIS. MORNING JIMMY!

MORNING, CLARK. WELL--- BACK TO THE SAME OLD ROUTINE AFTER A LAZY WEEK-END!

BUT SCARCELY HAS LOIS SPOKEN WHEN FROM ATOP THE NEARBY TOWER BUILDING THE NEWLY ERECTED CIVIL DEFENSE SIREN SPLITS THE AIR WITH A WARNING SHRIEK!



WORK-BOUND CROWDS PAUSE IN MOMENTARY BEWILDERMENT--THEN DASH FOR THE NEAREST SHELTER...



AND AT THE DAILY PLANET...

SAME OLD ROUTINE, IS IT? COME ON--- LET'S TRY THE RADIO. MUST BE SOMETHING SERIOUS. NO AIR-RAID DRILL'S BEEN SCHEDULED FOR TODAY!



AS THE SET IS SWITCHED ON...

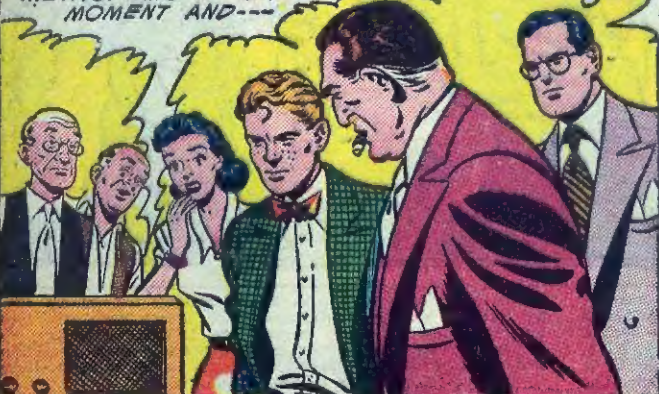
... AND SO WE WARN ALL CITIZENS THAT THE NUCLEAR PILE AT PROJECT 9 HAS GONE OUT OF CONTROL! AN ATOMIC BLAST MAY DESTROY METROPOLIS AT ANY MOMENT AND---

SUPERMAN'S GOT TO DO SOMETHING-- FAST!

PARALYZED BY THE DREAD NEWS, NO ONE SEES THAT CLARK HAS SLIPPED AWAY UNTIL...

... IMMEDIATE EVACUATION IS BEING PLANNED BY THE POLICE. EVERYONE IS URGED TO STAY CALM UNTIL--

HUH--- THIS IS AWFUL. I--- HEY-- WHERE'S CLARK? HE-HE'S GONE! THE FIRST ONE TO RUN IN PANIC-- AS USUAL!



BUT FROM OUT OF THE CLOAKROOM WINDOW INTO WHICH CLARK HAS VANISHED, HE SUDDENLY EMERGES AS...



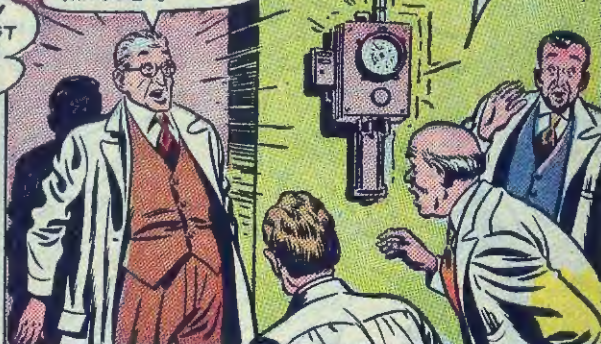
SUPERMAN!
LOOK-- HE MUST BE ON HIS WAY TO SAVE US!

IF ANYONE CAN--
SUPERMAN'S
THE ONE TO DO IT!
I'VE GOT MY FINGERS
CROSSED, CASEY!

MEANWHILE AT PROJECT 9-- WHERE A GROUP OF FRIGHTENED SCIENTISTS HUDDLE BEFORE THE HEAVY BARRED DOORS OF THE RUNAWAY NUCLEAR PILE...

KEEP AWAY, I SAID!
NO MAN CAN GET THROUGH THIS
DOOR TO SHUT OFF THAT
RUNAWAY PILE AND LIVE! NOT
EVEN **SUPERMAN**
HIMSELF!

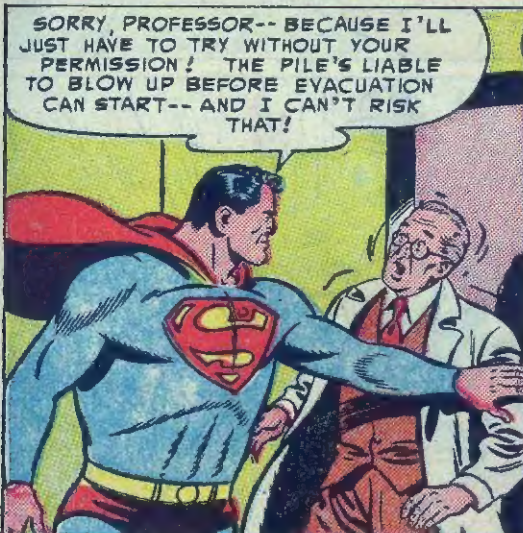
BUT--PROFESSOR
WILKS-- MAYBE
BY A MIRACLE---
ONE OF US---



PROFESSOR WILKS--
DID I HEAR YOU, THE
WORLD'S GREATEST
PHYSICIST, SAY
THERE WAS SOME-
THING I COULDN'T
DO?

S-SUPERMAN!
YOU, TOO? YES--
I'LL REPEAT IT!
EVEN YOU COULDN'T
SHUT THAT PILE
OFF!

LOOK AT THAT GEIGER COUNTER! THE
POWER OF THIS NEW PILE IS
TREMENDOUS! I WON'T LET YOU
DESTROY YOURSELF WHEN YOU
CAN SAVE THOUSANDS BY HELPING
IN THE EVACUATION!

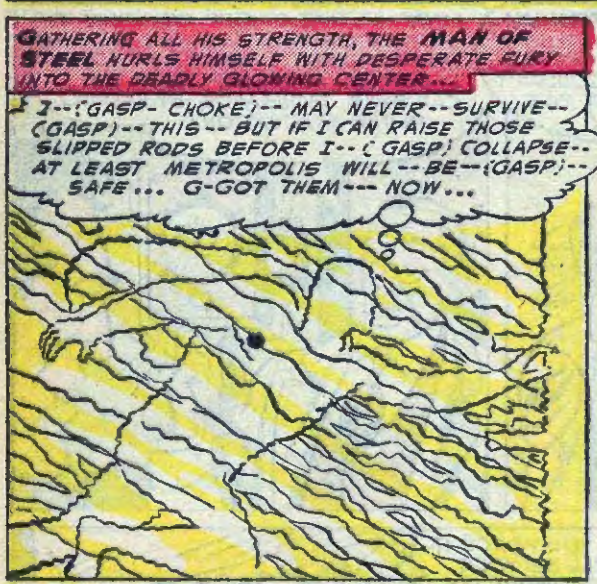
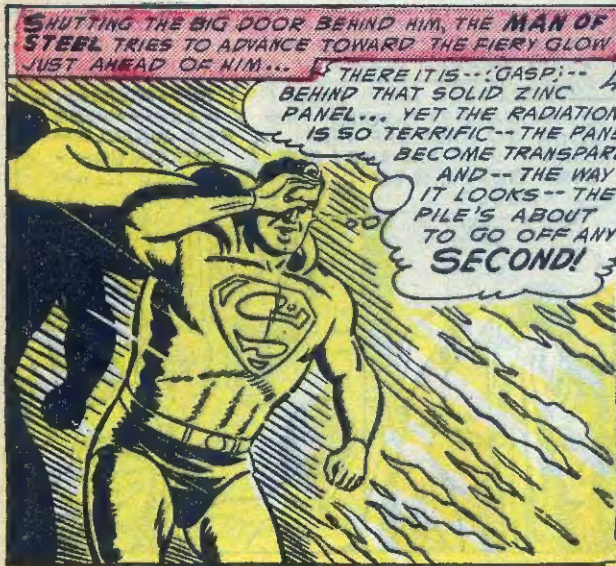


SORRY, PROFESSOR-- BECAUSE I'LL
JUST HAVE TO TRY WITHOUT YOUR
PERMISSION! THE PILE'S LIABLE
TO BLOW UP BEFORE EVACUATION
CAN START-- AND I CAN'T RISK
THAT!

IF YOU FORCE IT--
IT'LL BE YOUR
RESPONSIBILITY,
SUPERMAN!

BACK-BACK!
SIX FEET OF
SOLID LEAD AND
HE RIPS IT OPEN
LIKE PAPER! THE
HEAT-- IT'S
AWFUL!





BUT MEANWHILE--BACK AT PROJECT 9...

HE--HE STOPPED THE
PILE--BUT-- WHY HASN'T
HE COME OUT YET?
MAYBE-- MAYBE--
HE--

WAIT! LOOK!
THE PANEL'S
OPENING! HERE
HE COMES!



PROFESSOR
WILKS-- HOW LONG
WILL I STAY
LIKE THIS?

I--- I REALLY
CAN'T SAY. FROM
WHAT I KNOW OF
THIS NEW TYPE OF
RADIATION-- IT
MIGHT BE
PERMANENT!



**AND SUDDENLY, PRECEDED BY A BLAST OF HEAT
THAT SENDS THE SCIENTISTS REELING BACK...**

S-SUPERMAN!
HE--HE'S A
GLOWING MASS
OF RADIATION!

THE GEIGER COUNTERS
THEY'RE WHIRLING
LIKE CRAZY AGAIN!
STAY BACK-- HE'S
CONTAMINATED
ENOUGH TO KILL
AN ORDINARY
MAN WHO
APPROACHES
HIM!



OH...NO!
(SIGH!)



**LATER THAT AFTERNOON, IN THE DAILY PLANET OFFICE, AS
THE PHONE RINGS ON LOIS LANE'S DESK...**

THE DANGER'S BEEN
OVER FOR HOURS
AND CLARK'S STILL
NOT OUT OF HIDING.
WHAT'S IT
MEAN?

WAIT--JIMMY--
HERE'S CLARK NOW. CLARK--?
WHERE ARE YOU? WHAT--?
WHAT'S THAT ABOUT
SUPERMAN?

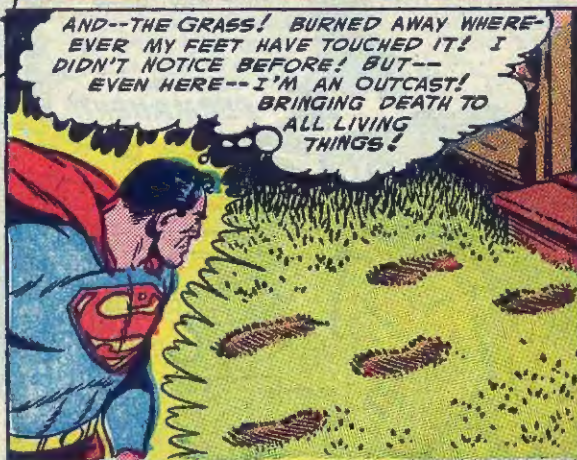
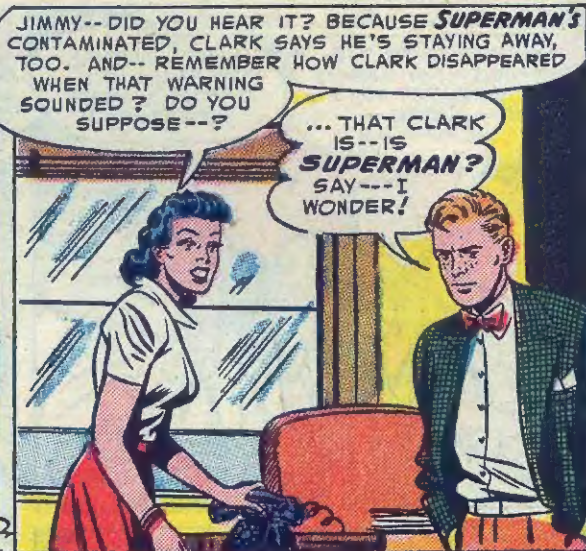


**AND AT THE OTHER END OF THE LINE--
ON TOP OF DESERTED BALD ROCK
MOUNTAIN, MILES FROM METROPOLIS--**

...AND **SUPERMAN'S**
SO RADIOACTIVE, HE'S
DEATH TO ANYONE
HE COMES NEAR.
SO--HE'S HAD TO
ISOLATE HIMSELF
COMPLETELY!

WHAT??
BUT--BUT--
HOW DO
YOU KNOW,
CLARK?
ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?





AS THE INGENIOUS GUN DROPS ITS BULLET-PROOF STEEL MESH OVER THE TRUCK...

THAT'S GOT IT! THE TRUCK GUARDS CAN'T FIRE THROUGH THAT MESH! NOW STEP ON IT-- AND LET'S HAUL THE TRUCK OFF THE ROAD! NO ONE'LL EVER KNOW HOW IT VANISHED! AND WE CAN LOOT IT AT LEISURE!



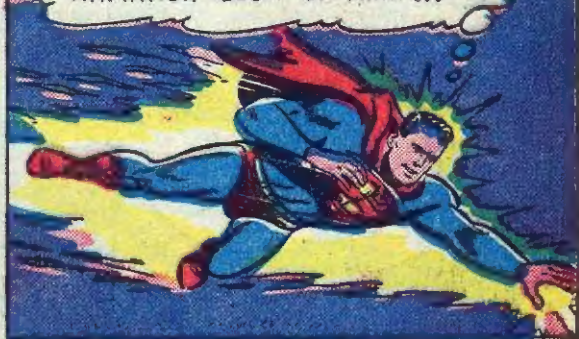
WHILE INSIDE THE TRUCK--THE FRANTIC GUARDS RADIO A MESSAGE FOR HELP... --JOHNSON

REPORTING... HEMMED IN BY A STEEL CURTAIN AND BEING DRAGGED OFF SOMEWHERE WE CAN'T SEE-- JUST OFF ROUTE 16!



AND SO--SUPERMAN PLUNGES OFF INTO THE NIGHT, LEAVING A TRAIL LIKE A FIERY METEOR. PRESENTLY...

AH--THE TRUCK! A TRACTOR'S HAULING IT UP THAT SLOPE IN A STEEL NET, ACCORDING TO MY X-RAY VISION. HM-- CAN'T GET TOO CLOSE OR I'D HARM THE GUARDS-- BUT, THERE MAY EVEN BE A GOOD USE FOR THIS RADIATION GLOW OF MINE...



PRESENTLY, ON HIS LONELY MOUNTAIN TOP, MILES DISTANT, WHERE A TRAPPER'S RADIO PROVIDES A SLENDER THREAD TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD...

...AND BESIDES, AN INCREASE IN PETTY CRIME ATTRIBUTED TO SUPERMAN'S ABSENCE, A STRANGE MESSAGE HAS JUST BEEN RECEIVED FROM A HIJACKED GOLD TRUCK BOUND FOR METROPOLIS ON ROUTE 16...

HM-- THAT'S AN ISOLATED ROAD. AT LEAST I CAN GO HAVE A LOOK!



ABRUPTLY, SUPERMAN STARTS TO WHIRL AT SUPERSPEED IN A WIDENING CIRCLE, SO THAT FROM THE TRACTOR BELOW...

HEY-- WH-WHAT'S THAT? LOOKS LIKE A BIG METEOR!

YEAH-- IT--IT'S A MONSTER! BUT-- FORGET IT! ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION IT'LL FALL ON US! KEEP YOUR MIND ON HAULING THAT TRUCK!



BUT AS THE CIRCLE WIDENS--THE FIERY BALL SEEMS TO GROW MUCH LARGER...

LOOK--IT--

IT'S GETTIN' BIGGER! FILLIN' UP THE SKY! COME ON-- WE CAN RUN FASTER THAN THIS TRACTOR! L-LET'S GET OUTA HERE! CUSHIONS AIN'T WAITIN' EITHER! LOOK UP THE SLOPE! HIM AN' SNAKE-EYE IS RUNNING FOR IT, TOO!



HAVING FORCED THE HIJACKERS TO ABANDON THE TRUCK, **SUPERMAN** TURNS AND STREAKS NORTHWARD TILL HE SPOTS A STATE POLICE CAR AND...

LOOK-- IT'S SPELLING OUT AGAIN-- "PROCEED SOUTH FIND GOLD TRUCK UP SLOPE **SUPERMAN**." COME ON! HE'S TELLING US WHERE TO FIND THAT HIJACKED ARMORED TRUCK!

PROCEED
SOUTH FIND
GOLD TRUCK
UP SLOPE **SUPERMAN**

LATER, PLEASED WITH HIS NIGHT'S WORK, **SUPERMAN** IS RETURNING TO HIS MOUNTAIN TOP WHEN...

AT LEAST I'M NOT COMPLETELY USELESS! I--UH-UH! I FELT SO GOOD, I FORGOT AND CAME IN TOO CLOSE TO THAT TREE-TOP-- AND THE WHOLE THING'S WITHERING! (SIGH) JUST A REMINDER I'VE NOTHING TO FEEL TOO GOOD ABOUT! (SIGH)



SO-- DAWN COMES TO FIND **SUPERMAN** SITTING ON HIS LONELY ROCK, SUNK IN BITTER THOUGHT. WHEN SUDDENLY, FROM A PLANE CIRCLING OVERHEAD...

A PACKAGE BEING DROPPED! MUST BE THOSE BOOKS AND SECRET PAPERS ON RADIATION FROM PROFESSOR WILKS. HE THOUGHT THEY MIGHT HELP ME DEVISE MEANS OF SAVING MYSELF IN CASE HE FAILS! A RAY OF HOPE, ANYWAY!



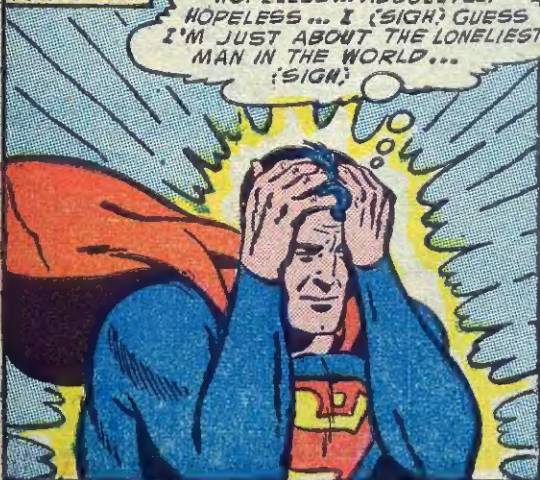
BUT-- AS HE RUSHES EAGERLY TO OPEN THE PRECIOUS PACKAGE...

IT--IT'S ALL GOING UP IN FLAMES! MY RADIOACTIVE TOUCH WAS TOO MUCH FOR MERE PAPER TO WITHSTAND!



AND SO...

HOPELESS... ABSOLUTELY HOPELESS... I (SIGH) GUESS I'M JUST ABOUT THE LONELIEST MAN IN THE WORLD... (SIGH)



MEANWHILE, AT CUSHIONS RAYMOND'S HIDEOUT, ANOTHER KIND OF BITTERNESS IS BEING EXPRESSED...

SO--THAT PHONEY METEOR WAS **SUPERMAN**! AND WE RAN LIKE RABBITS! IT KILLS ME! BUT--A TRICK CAN WORK BOTH WAYS! AS I'LL SOON SHOW THE EXILED **MR. SUPERMAN**!



TWO DAYS LATER, OUTSIDE THE DAILY PLANET OFFICE...

STILL NO WORD FROM CLARK. HE MUST BE **SUPERMAN**... BUT HOW CAN WE **PROVE IT?**

WAIT, JIMMY-- ISN'T THAT MAN MOTIONING TO US? I-- I DON'T LIKE HIS LOOKS!

MISS LANE, THE REPORTER, AREN'T YOU? GET IN IF YOU WANT THE YEAR'S BIGGEST STORY ON **SUPERMAN**.

LOIS-- WHY HESITATE? THE MAN'S ALONE. AND YOU'VE GOT ME-- JIMMY OLSEN, TO PROTECT YOU!

OKAY-- I'LL CHANCE IT!



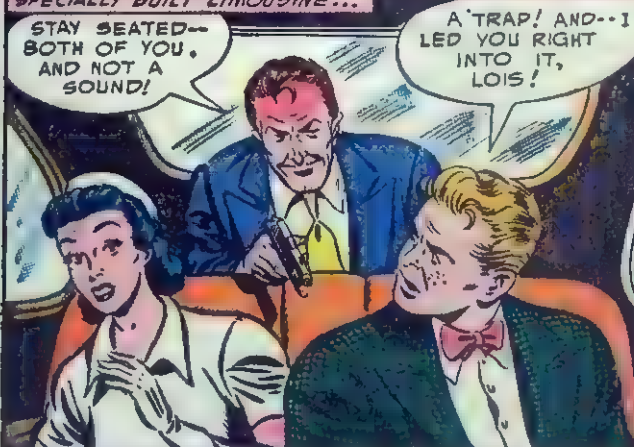
BUT ONCE THE REPORTERS ARE SEATED INSIDE THE SPECIALLY BUILT LIMOUSINE...

STAY SEATED-- BOTH OF YOU. AND NOT A SOUND!

A TRAP! AND-- I LED YOU RIGHT INTO IT, LOIS!

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN. BUT-- WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH US?

LIKE I SAID, YOU'RE GOING TO BE IN ON THE YEAR'S BIGGEST STORY INVOLVING **SUPERMAN**. HA-HA-HA!



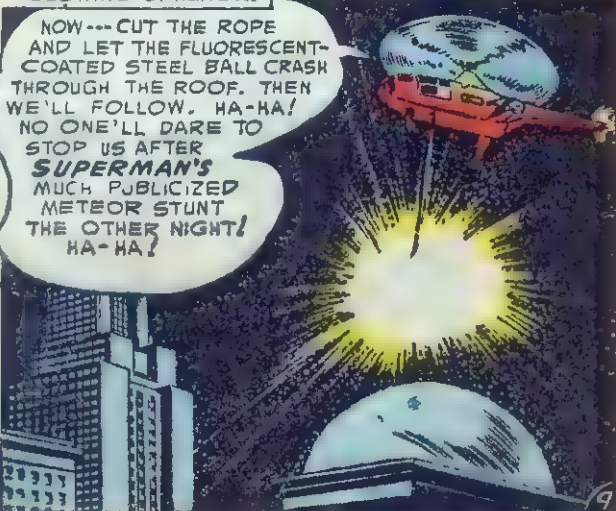
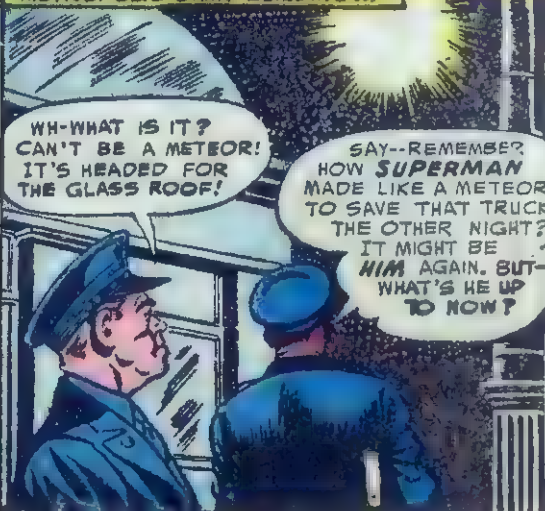
THAT NIGHT--OUTSIDE THE NEW GLASS-DOMED METROPOLIS BANK BUILDING...

WH-WHAT IS IT? CAN'T BE A METEOR! IT'S HEADED FOR THE GLASS ROOF!

SAY--REMEMBER HOW **SUPERMAN** MADE LIKE A METEOR TO SAVE THAT TRUCK THE OTHER NIGHT? IT MIGHT BE **HIM** AGAIN. BUT-- WHAT'S HE UP TO NOW?

BUT IN AN UNSEEN BLACK HELICOPTER ABOVE THE GLOWING SPHERE...

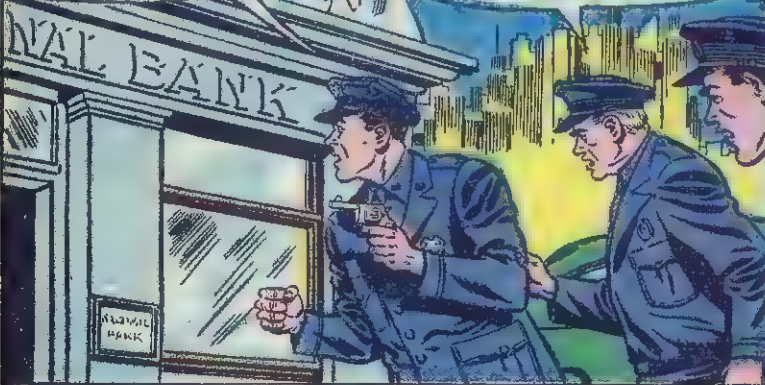
NOW--- CUT THE ROPE AND LET THE FLUORESCENT-COATED STEEL BALL CRASH THROUGH THE ROOF. THEN WE'LL FOLLOW. HA-HA! NO ONE'LL DARE TO STOP US AFTER **SUPERMAN'S** MUCH PUBLICIZED METEOR STUNT THE OTHER NIGHT! HA-HA!



AND IN FACT, OUTSIDE THE BANK WHERE THE GUARDS ARE JOINED BY A POLICEMAN...

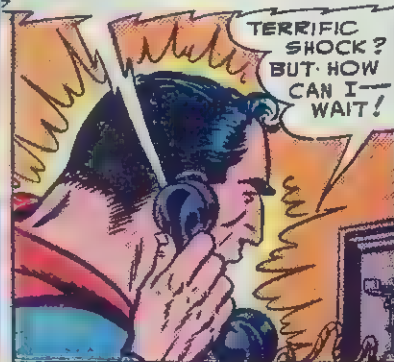
IT CRASHED THROUGH THE ROOF! MAYBE IT AIN'T **SUPERMAN!** MAYBE IT'S A TRICK!

DON'T GO IN! TOO CRAZY FOR A TRICK. AND IF IT AIN'T--- IT'S WORTH YOUR LIFE TO GET THAT NEAR **SUPERMAN!** TRY PHONING HEADQUARTERS FIRST!



WHILE ON BALD ROCK MOUNTAIN, WHERE **SUPERMAN HAS JUST RECEIVED A PHONE CALL FROM PROJECT 9...**

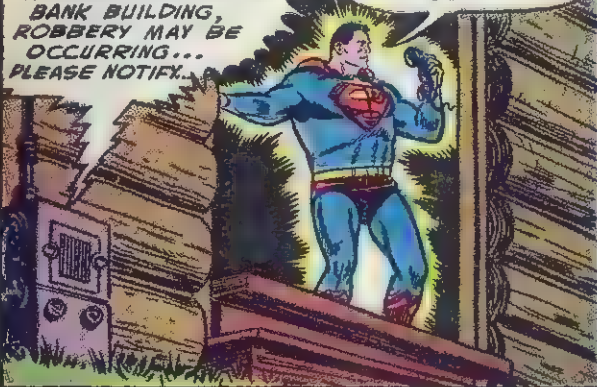
... AND THERE'S ONE POSSIBLE CURE FOR YOU. IF YOU CAN RIG UP SOMETHING TO EXERT AN EQUAL COUNTER-FORCE--- A TERRIFIC SHOCK...



TERRIFIC SHOCK? BUT HOW CAN I WAIT!

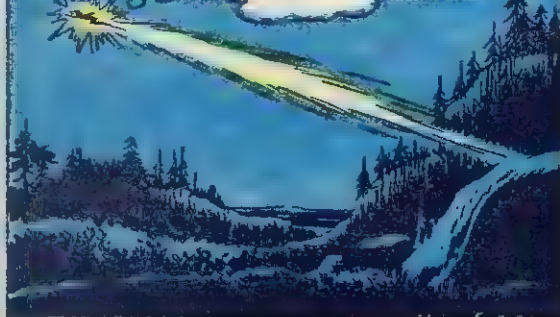
---CALLING **SUPERMAN!** CALLING **SUPERMAN!** IF YOU ARE NOT IN THE NEW METROPOLIS BANK BUILDING, ROBBERY MAY BE OCCURRING... PLEASE NOTIFY...

MY POLICE RADIO RECEIVER! SORRY, GENTLEMEN-- BUT I'VE GOT TO GO!



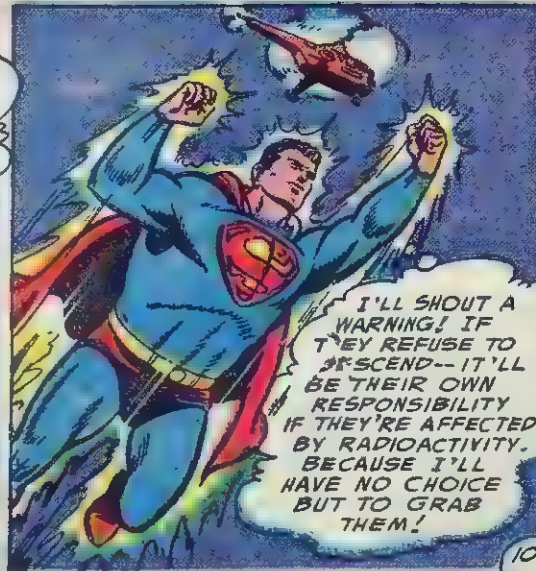
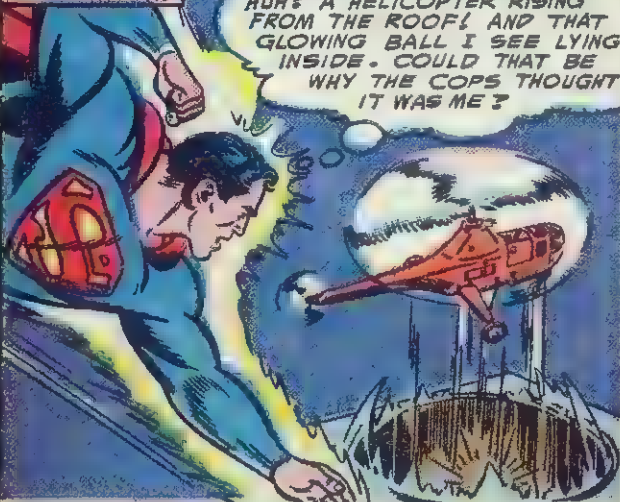
SWIFTLY, THE MAN OF STEEL RESPONDS TO THE STRANGE MESSAGE RELAYED FROM METROPOLIS POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

WHAT CAN BE HAPPENING NOW? WELL-- I'LL SEE FOR MYSELF WHEN I GET NEAR THE BANK.



BUT BY THE TIME **SUPERMAN DRAWS CLOSE, THE SWIFT-WORKING CROOKS ARE ALREADY DEPARTING...**

HUH? A HELICOPTER RISING FROM THE ROOF! AND THAT GLOWING BALL I SEE LYING INSIDE. COULD THAT BE WHY THE COPS THOUGHT IT WAS ME?



I'LL SHOUT A WARNING! IF THEY REFUSE TO ASCEND-- IT'LL BE THEIR OWN RESPONSIBILITY IF THEY'RE AFFECTED BY RADIOACTIVITY. BECAUSE I'LL HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO GRAB THEM!

BUT AS SUPERMAN'S MIGHTY VOICE IS HEARD INSIDE THE FLEEING CRAFT...

DESCEND--- YOU HEAR? OR I'LL HAVE TO GRAB YOU MYSELF AND---

AH--- SUPERMAN! WELL-- WAIT'LL I OPEN THIS DOOR, SO HE SEES HIS DEAR FRIEND, LOIS LANE! THAT'LL SHUT HIM UP-- HA-HA-HA!

AND-- EXACTLY AS CUSHIONS HAD EXPECTED...

LOIS! GREAT SCOTT! I DON'T DARE GO NEAR THAT CRAFT NOW... BUT-- I-- I CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY EITHER, HMM-- THE HELICOPTER MUST HAVE A BLIND SPOT SO I CAN FOLLOW WITHOUT MY GLOW BEING DETECTED!

SOMETIME LATER-- AFTER SUCCESSFULLY FOLLOWING THE HELICOPTER MILES BEYOND METROPOLIS...

I CAN'T PICK THEM UP-- AND IF THEY GET OVER THE BORDER, EVEN NOTIFYING THE POLICE WHERE THEY LAND WON'T HELP. I ONLY HOPE... UH-UH-- BAD STORM AHEAD! NOW WHAT? CAN THAT FRAIL CRAFT POSSIBLY WEATHER IT?

BUT INSIDE THE COCKPIT...

AND RUN

WE'LL NEVER GET THROUGH THAT STORM, CUSHION! WE BETTER TURN BACK!

INTO THE POLICE AIR PATROL? NEVER! KEEP ON! WE'VE GOT TO RISK IT! IT'S ALL OR NOTHING NOW!

MOMENTS LATER-- AS THE CRAFT RIDES INTO THE FULL FURY OF THE STORM...

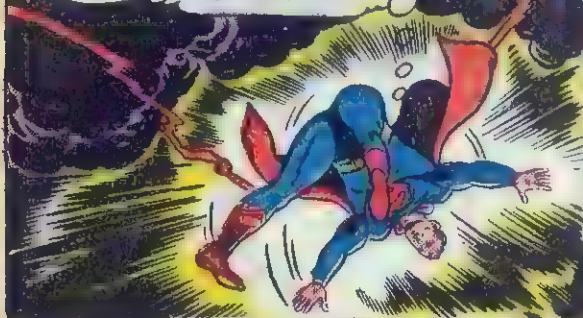
THE LIGHTNING WILL SMASH THEM FOR SURE! FOR LOIS' AND JIMMY'S SAKE-- I'VE NO CHOICE BUT TO HELP THOSE CROOKS GET THROUGH!

HOVERING ABOVE THE CRAFT LIKE A PROTECTIVE UMBRELLA, SUPERMAN RECEIVES THE FULL BRUNT OF THE FIERY ELECTRICAL BARRAGE...

OOF-- WORST STORM I'VE EVER SEEN... OR MAYBE MY RADIATION ATTRACTS AND OVERCHARGES THE LIGHTNING BOLTS... OOF... I'M GETTING-- DIZZY...

AS THE STORM RISES TO A FURIOUS CLIMAX...

MUST--HOLD OUT--I MUST...CAN'T
LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS... ANOTHER
MOMENT... AND--WE'LL BE... PAST...
THE STORM... AND--AND--WHY...
JUST REMEMBERED... THAT PHONE
CALL FROM... PROJECT 9... A
COUNTER-FORCE... I--I
WONDER IF...



THEN-- INSIDE THE FRAIL CRAFT AS THE STORM
IS SAFELY PAST...

WHAT'S WRONG?
WHY'RE WE COMING
DOWN AT THAT
AIRPORT?

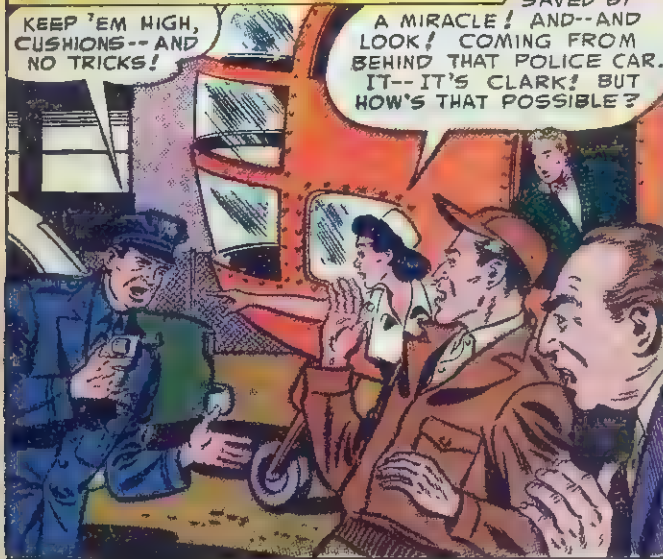
I--I DON'T KNOW...THE
CONTROLS DON'T RESPOND!
MAYBE DAMAGED IN THE
STORM...S-SOMETHING'S
FORCING US DOWN!
WE---WE'LL BE SUNK
SURE IF WE LAND!



AND A MOMENT LATER, THE CROOKS ARE SUNK INDEED,
FOR SCARCELY DOES THE CRAFT TOUCH THE RUNAWAY,
WHEN AN ALERTED POLICE PATROL ACTS... SAVED BY

KEEP 'EM HIGH,
CUSHIONS--AND
NO TRICKS!

A MIRACLE! AND--AND
LOOK! COMING FROM
BEHIND THAT POLICE CAR.
IT--IT'S CLARK! BUT
HOW'S THAT POSSIBLE?



CLARK-- DON'T COME
SO CLOSE--ER--I
MEAN--HOW'D YOU
GET HERE?
WE THOUGHT
YOU WERE--
WERE...

RELAX, LOIS.
IT'S SUPERMAN
THAT'S RADIO-
ACTIVE, NOT ME.
I JUST STAYED
NEAR HIS HIDEOUT
FOR A POSSIBLE
STORY!



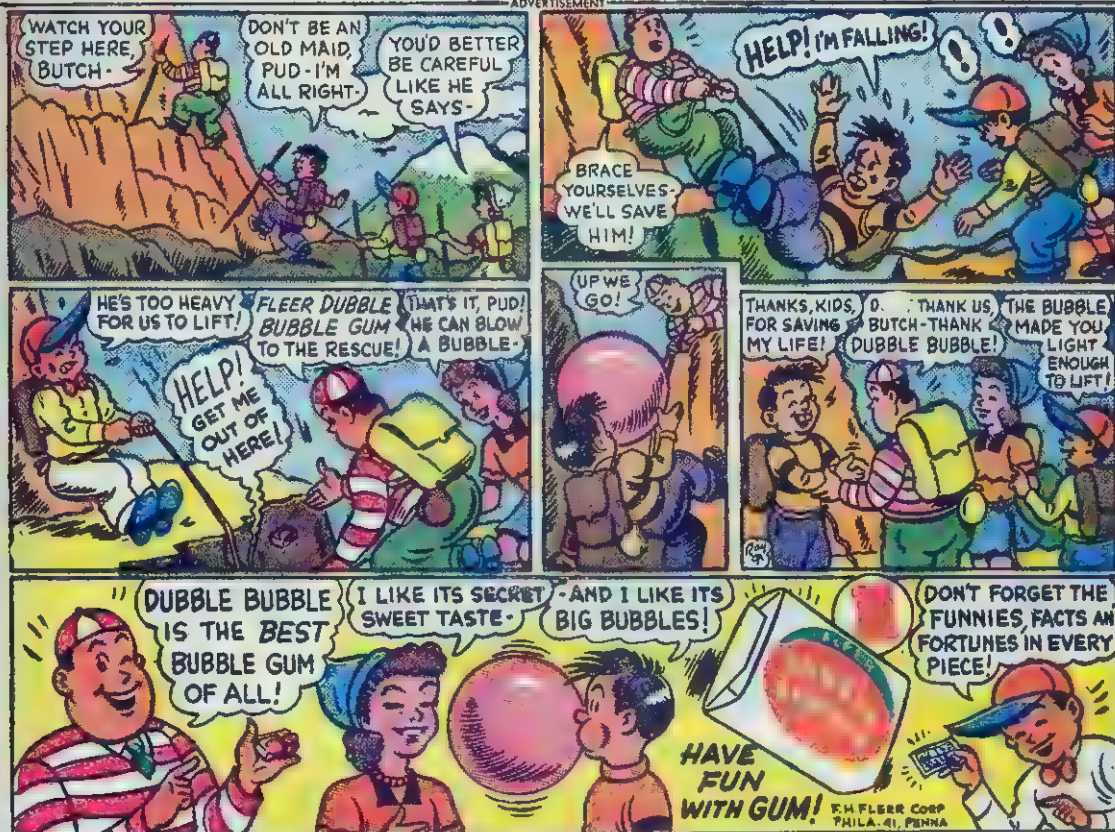
HE'D BEEN FOLLOWING YOU, AND SEEING
YOU BEING FORCED DOWN HERE--
RUSHED TO TELL ME. BALD ROCK
MOUNTAIN'S QUITE CLOSE, YOU KNOW.
SO I RUSHED OVER--AND HERE I
AM. ALSO-- SUPERMAN'S GOT
HOPES OF BEING CURED IN A
WEEK!

AND WE THOUGHT--
OH--- NEVER
MIND WHAT
WE
THOUGHT!

THEY'LL NEVER DREAM NOW THAT
STORM PROVIDED THE TERRIFIC
COUNTER-SHOCK THAT
DECONTAMINATED ME SO
I COULD FORCE THEIR
CRAFT DOWN HERE AND THEN
APPEAR AS CLARK... BUT WHAT
AN EXPERIENCE. I'LL NEVER
FORGET IT! NEVER!



THE END



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JOSETTE FRANK

Consultant on Children's Reading
Child Study Association of America



DR. W. W. D. SONES

Professor of Education and
Director of Curriculum Study
University of Pittsburgh

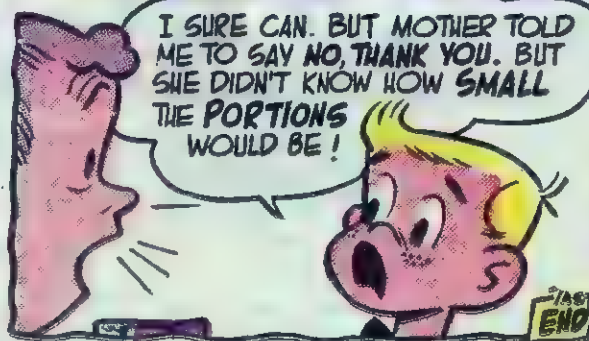
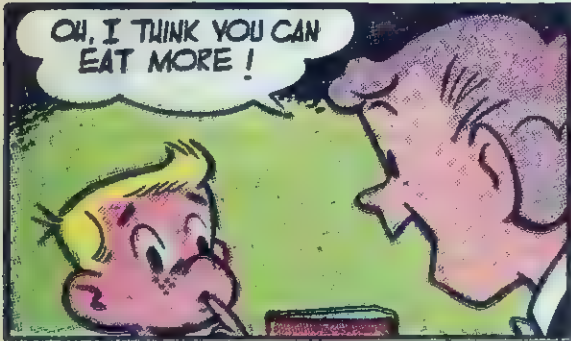
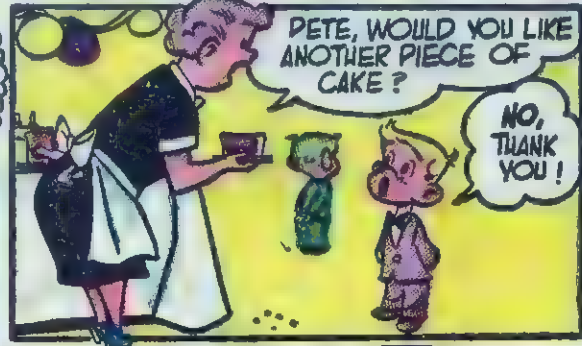
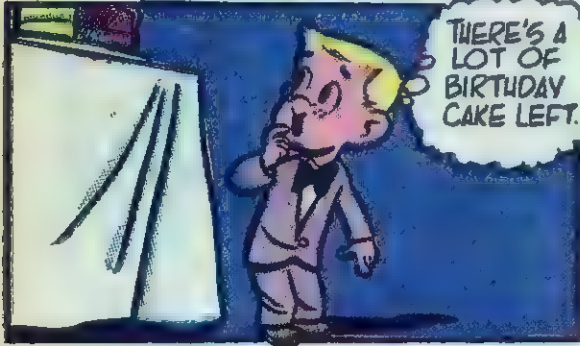
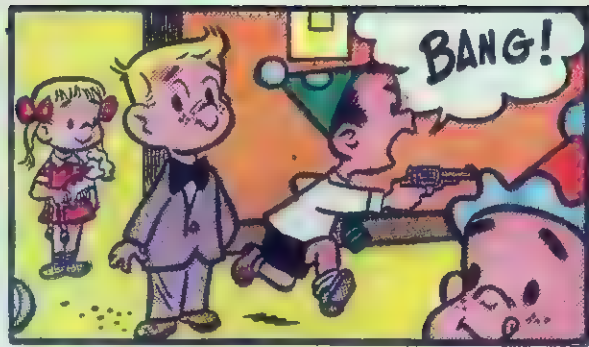
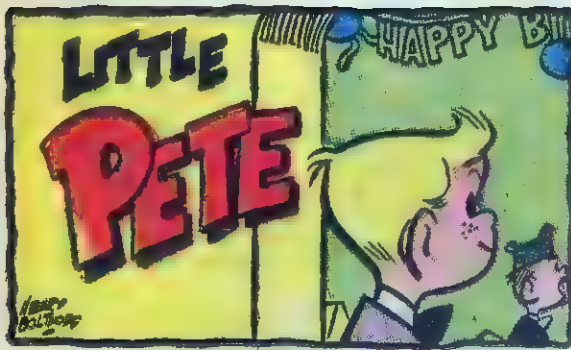
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(Code Saturn No. 5)

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c/o ACTION COMICS

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Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

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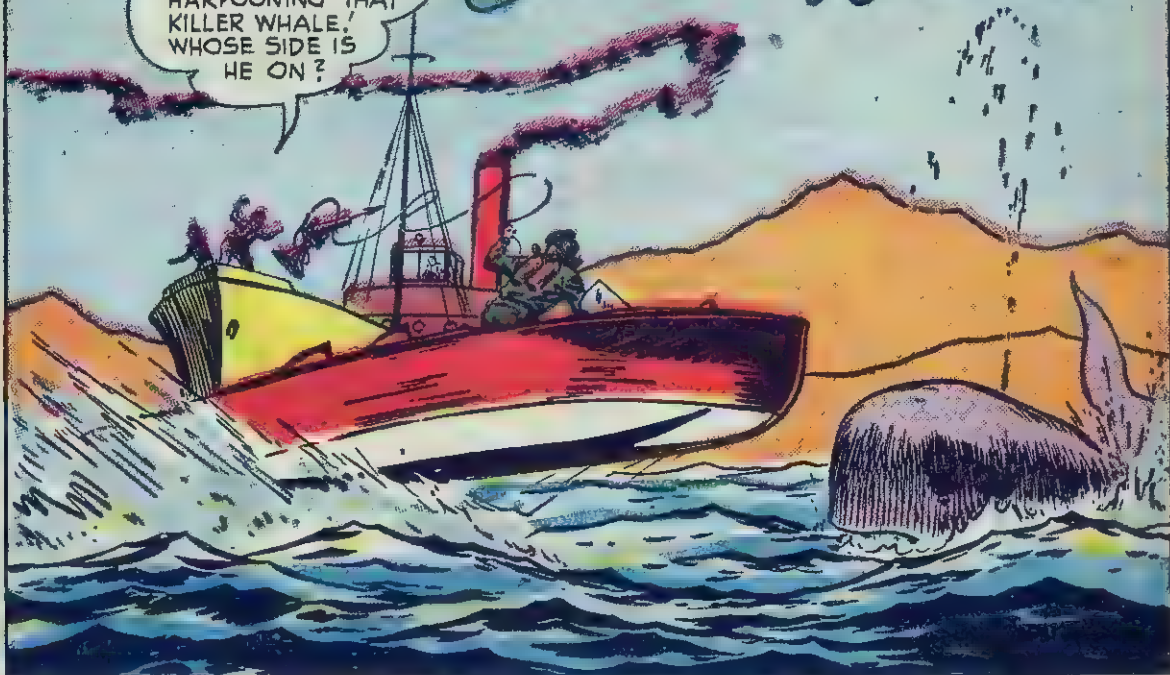
JAN.

CONGO BILL

SHUDDERING SEAMEN SCAN THE HORIZONS FOR THE DREADED FIGURE OF A KILLER WHALE ON THE RAMPAGE, AND CONGO BILL IS HASTILY SUMMONED TO HELP DESTROY THE MARINE MONSTER! BUT NO SOONER DOES HE ARRIVE THAN THE ACE ADVENTURER STYMIES THE SCHEMES OF HUNTERS PURSUING THE BEAST AND, INSTEAD, BECOMES THE *PROTECTOR* OF THE WHALE CALLED...

"SINBAD the KILLER!"

HEY! CONGO BILL'S PREVENTING US FROM HARPOONING THAT KILLER WHALE, WHOSE SIDE IS HE ON?

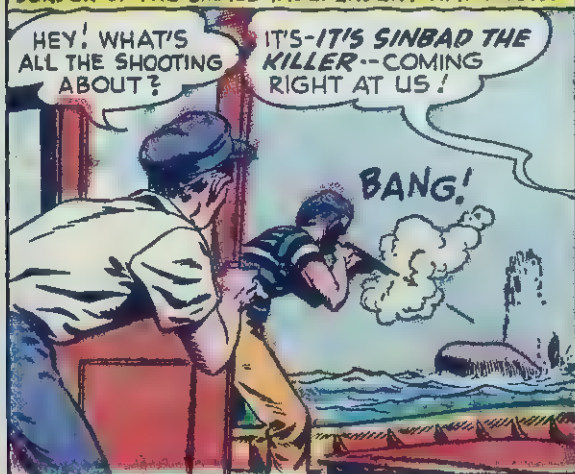


ONE DAY, ON A GREAT INLAND SEA-LAKE NEAR THE BORDER OF TWO SMALL INDEPENDENT NATIONS...

HEY! WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTING ABOUT?

IT'S-IT'S SINBAD THE KILLER--COMING RIGHT AT US!

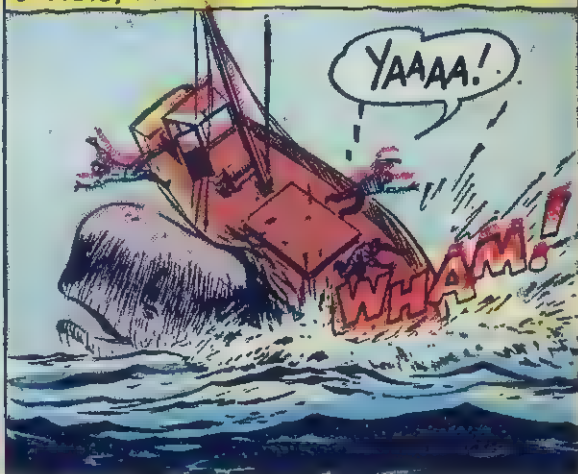
BANG!



SMARTING FROM THE PAIN CAUSED BY THE STINGING BULLETS, THE ENRAGED BEAST CHARGES...

YAAAA!

WHAM!



AND THE FOLLOWING WEEK, IN ANOTHER INLAND SEA-LAKE FIVE MILES ACROSS THE BORDER...

JAN, QUICK--THE KILLER WHALE! SHOOT! SHOOT!

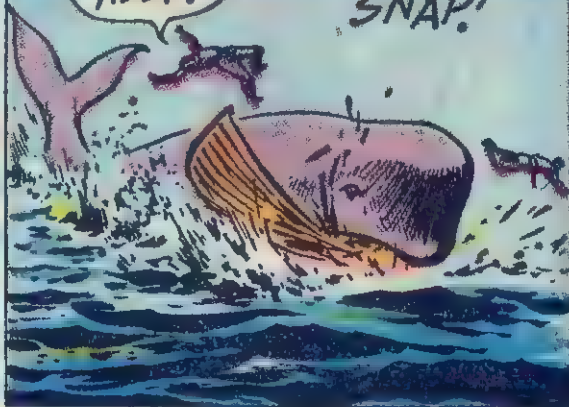
BANG!
BANG!



BUT THE BULLETS HAVE LITTLE EFFECT ON THE BEAST'S THICK HIDE--AND IN THE NEXT INSTANT...

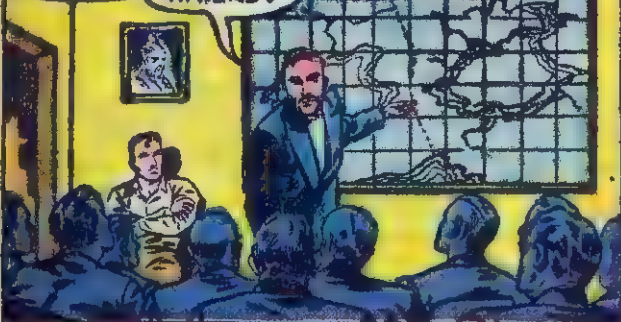
HELP!

SNAP!



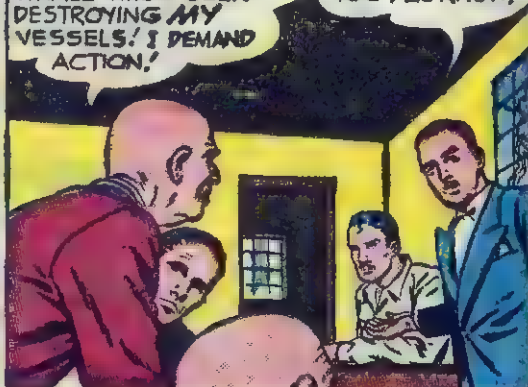
AT LENGTH, REPRESENTATIVES OF BOTH COUNTRIES MEET TO DISCUSS THE SUDDEN GRAVE DANGER...

THIS IS OUR PROBLEM, GENTLEMEN! AS YOU KNOW, OUR TWO GREAT NEIGHBORING LAKES WERE ONCE PART OF THE SEA! THAT EXPLAINS THE EXISTENCE OF THE LAST TWO REMNANTS OF A LARGE HERD OF WHALES THAT ONCE ROAMED THESE WATERS!



NEVER MIND THAT ANCIENT HISTORY! AS THE OWNER OF SHIPS PLYING LAKE LAGUNE, I'M ONLY INTERESTED IN SINBAD, THE WHALE WHO'S BEEN DESTROYING MY VESSELS! I DEMAND ACTION!

YOU'LL GET IT, MR. SHANNON--THAT'S WHY WE HIRED CONGO BILL, HERE, WHOM YOU ALL KNOW!



NOT GOOD ENOUGH! I'M OFFERING \$5,000 TO ANYONE WHO KILLS THE LAKE LAGUNE WHALE, AND LET THE SHIPPERS ON LAKE HAWTHORNE MAKE THE SAME OFFER! THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET RID OF THOSE TWO MONSTERS!



THUS, SOME DAYS LATER, AS THE FREIGHTER BELLA MARIA CROSSES LAKE LAGUNE...

THERE'S THE KILLER! GET THE BIG GUN READY!

HERE'S WHERE WE COLLECT THAT \$5,000!



AND AS THE DISTANCE BETWEEN SHIP AND WHALE NARROWS...

I'VE GOT HIM RIGHT IN MY SIGHTS! ANOTHER 20 YARDS, AND I CAN'T MISS!

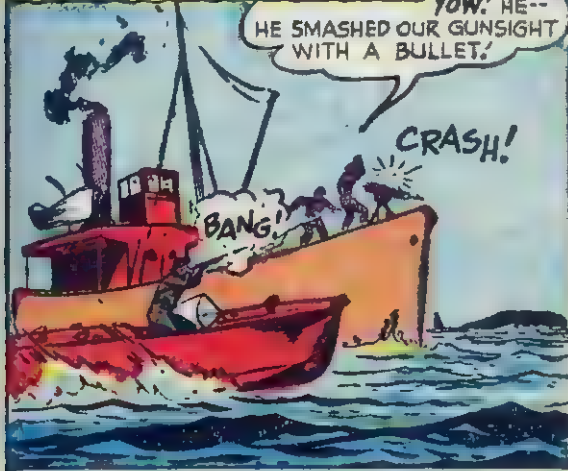
HERE COMES CONGO BILL IN A SPEEDBOAT! I'LL SIGNAL HIM AWAY... WE DON'T NEED ANY HELP NOW!



BUT JUST AS THE SEAMAN'S STEADY FINGERS
MOVE TO PRESS THE TRIGGER...

YOW! HE--
HE SMASHED OUR GUNSIGHT
WITH A BULLET!

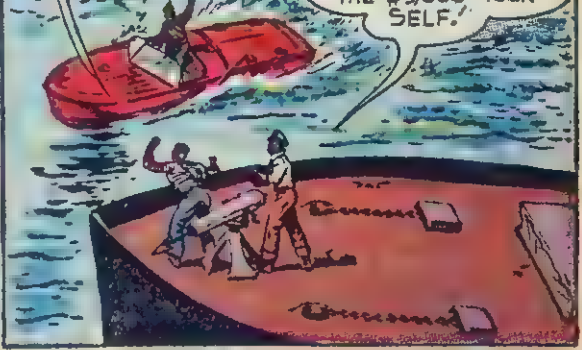
CRASH!



WHAT'S
THE BIG
IDEA,
CONGO
BILL?

SORRY--I...
ER... AIMED AT
THE WHALE
AND MISSED!

THAT'S A LIE! YOU
COULDN'T KILL A WHALE
WITH THAT 30-30 GUN,
AND YOU KNOW IT! YOU
JUST WANTED TO STOP
US FROM KILLING IT
SO YOU COULD COLLECT
THE \$5,000 YOUR-
SELF!



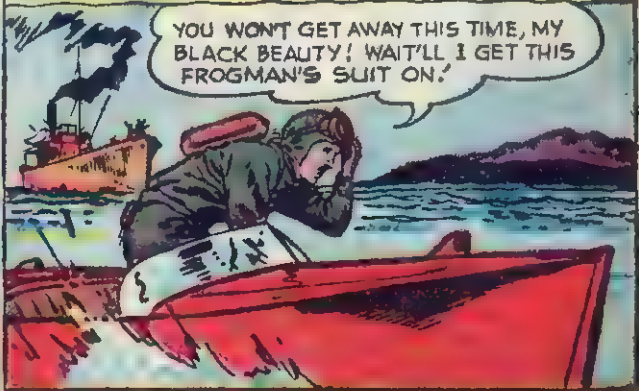
THAT'S RIGHT!
I NOTICE YOU'RE
NOT GOING AFTER
THE WHALE IN
LAKE HAWTHORNE!

OF COURSE NOT--BE-
CAUSE NOBODY OFFERED
A REWARD FOR THAT
WHALE, YOU MONEY
GRUBBER!



TURNING A DEAF EAR TO THE SEAMEN'S TAUNTS, THE
ACE ADVENTURER CONTINUES THE PURSUIT...

YOU WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME, MY
BLACK BEAUTY! WAIT'LL I GET THIS
FROGMAN'S SUIT ON!



IS IT POSSIBLE?... CONGO BILL GREEDY ENOUGH FOR THE
REWARD TO GO IT ALONE AFTER THE KILLER WHALE?

SLOWLY, BUT SURELY, THE HUNTER GAINS ON HIS
QUARRY, UNTIL...

HERE GOES!



**DID IT! NOW THE
FUN STARTS!**



MEANWHILE, NEARBY, WHERE WATCHFUL EYES FOLLOW THE EXCITING ACTION...

I'M AFRAID THAT MISPLACED JUNGLE MAN IS WISE TO OUR LITTLE GAME, MEN! QUICKLY, AFTER HIM!

RIGHT, MR. SHANNON!



AND THE DOUBLE RACE IS ON!

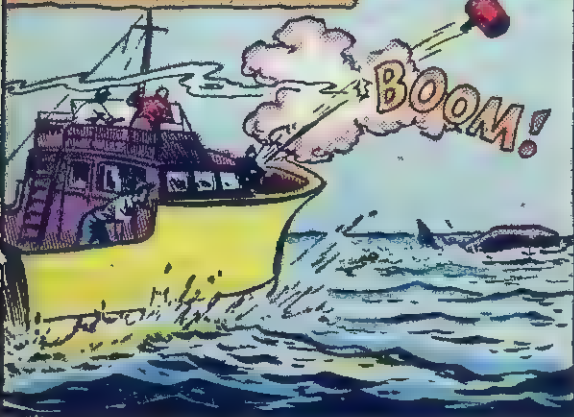
WE'RE DRAWING CLOSER... YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

YEAH... THE DEPTH CHARGE!

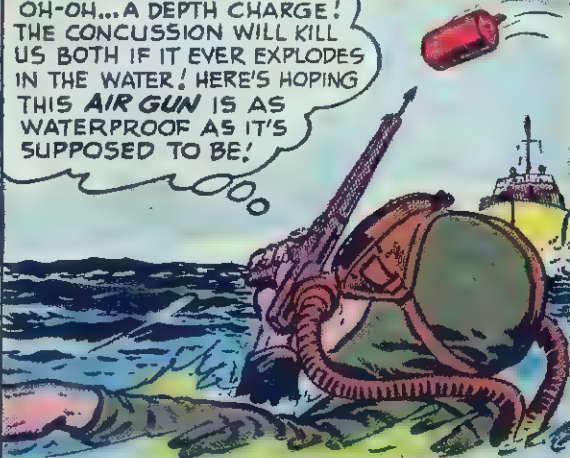


ABRUPTLY, A LOUD REPORT-- AND A DYNAMITE-LADEN MISSILE HURTLER FORWARD...

BOOM!



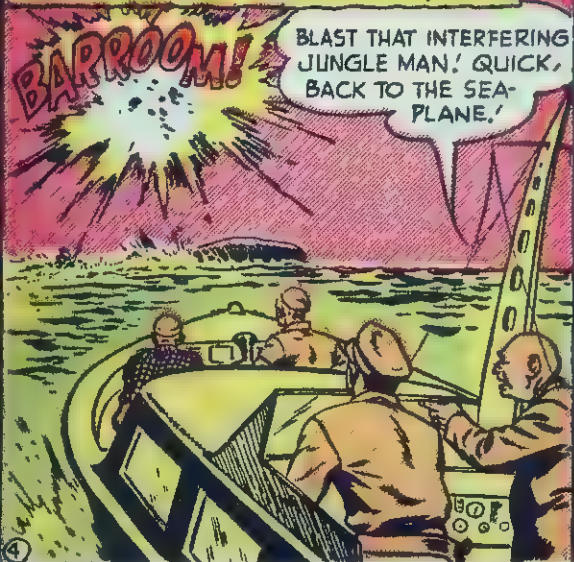
OH-OH... A DEPTH CHARGE! THE CONCUSSION WILL KILL US BOTH IF IT EVER EXPLODES IN THE WATER! HERE'S HOPING THIS AIR GUN IS AS WATERPROOF AS IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE!



CONGO BILL'S WEAPON BARKS ONCE, AND...

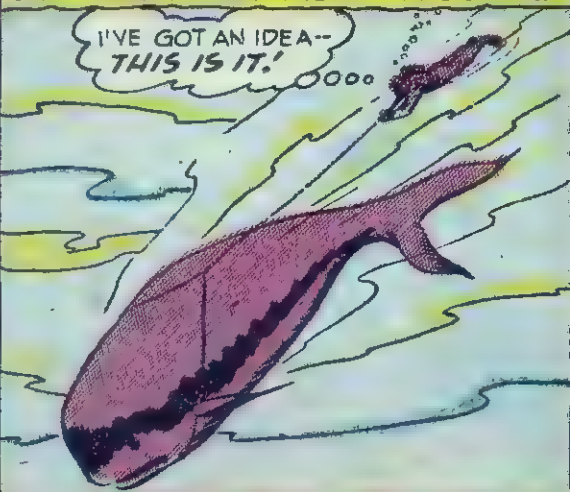
BARROOM!

BLAST THAT INTERFERING JUNGLE MAN! QUICK, BACK TO THE SEA-PLANE!



JUST THEN, AS THE STARTLED WHALE DIVES...

I'VE GOT AN IDEA-- THIS IS IT!



THIS IS WHAT? WHAT IS THE FAR-FAMED ADVENTURER GETTING AT? CAN YOU GUESS?

WITH AMAZING AGILITY, THE 5,000-POUND BEAST SUDDENLY TWISTS ITS 30-FOOT LONG BODY, AND HEADS STRAIGHT TOWARDS THE MOUTH OF AN UNDERSEA TUNNEL...

AT LAST! THIS HAS GOT TO BE IT!

AND FOR OVER 30 MINUTES, THE STRANGE DUO HURTLES FORWARD IN THE STRANGE UNDERWATER CHANNEL...

TILL FINALLY...

LAKE HAWTHORNE. I WAS RIGHT! AND SHANNON IS THE MAN WE WANT.

BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

SO YOU'VE DISCOVERED MY SECRET, EH? WELL, IT WON'T DO YOU MUCH GOOD! GET THAT GUN WORKING, MIKE!

I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU, SHANNON-- THERE'S A BULLET-PROOF VEST UNDER THIS FROGMAN'S OUTFIT! YOUR BULLETS WON'T HURT ME.

AND I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU, MR. CONGO BILL...THESE BULLETS ARE FOR THE WHALE! WHEN HE GETS HIT, YOU KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN!

I SURE DO...HE'LL BECOME ENRAGED AND SWALLOW UP EVERYTHING IN SIGHT--INCLUDING ME!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

NEXT SECOND, AS BILL FEARED, THE STUNG BEAST CHARGES, ITS GREAT JAWS CHOPPING...

THERE'S NO WAY TO GET OUT OF HIS PATH--AND NO WAY TO SAVE MYSELF! WAIT...THERE'S ONE CHANCE--IF IT WORKS!

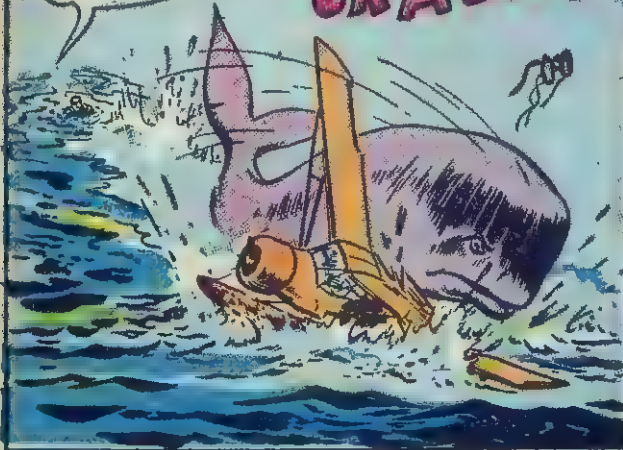
THESE MECHANICAL LUNGS--MY ONLY HOPE!

AND AS THE MASSIVE MAMMAL, DISTRACTED BY THE SUDDEN MOVEMENT OF THE LUNGS IN THE AIR, LEAPS OUT OF THE WATER AFTER THEM...

IT'S GOING TO WORK!

AND HOW IT WORKED!

CRASH!



AND SO, THE FOLLOWING DAY, AS CONGO BILL AGAIN MEETS WITH REPRESENTATIVES OF THE TWO NEIGHBORING COUNTRIES...

YOU SEE, GENTLEMEN, BOTH YOUR GOVERNMENTS KNEW THAT SMUGGLING WAS GOING ON--BUT THEY DIDN'T KNOW *WHO* WAS DOING IT, OR *HOW*! WE SOON SUSPECTED THAT THE SMUGGLERS WERE USING AN *UNDERSEA TUNNEL*! BUT THE ONLY OTHER ONE WHO KNEW WHERE THAT TUNNEL WAS--WAS THE *WHALE*...AND THAT'S WHY I HAD TO DO EVERYTHING IN MY POWER TO SAVE SINBAD FROM BEING KILLED!



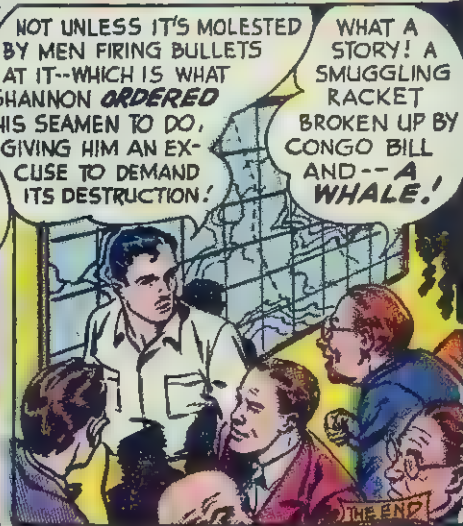
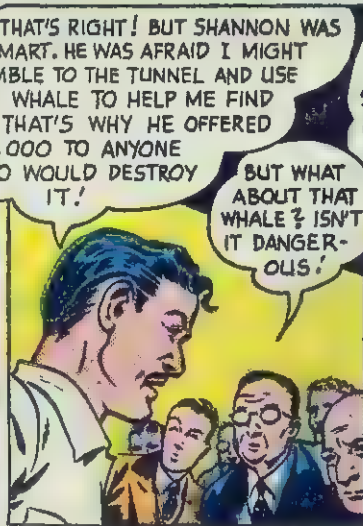
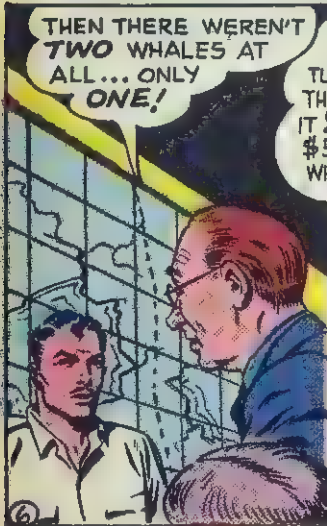
THEN THERE WEREN'T *TWO* WHALES AT ALL... ONLY *ONE*!

THAT'S RIGHT! BUT SHANNON WAS SMART. HE WAS AFRAID I MIGHT TUMBLE TO THE TUNNEL AND USE THE WHALE TO HELP ME FIND IT! THAT'S WHY HE OFFERED \$5,000 TO ANYONE WHO WOULD DESTROY IT!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT WHALE? ISN'T IT DANGEROUS!

NOT UNLESS IT'S MOLESTED BY MEN FIRING BULLETS AT IT--WHICH IS WHAT SHANNON *ORDERED* HIS SEAMEN TO DO, GIVING HIM AN EXCUSE TO DEMAND ITS DESTRUCTION!

WHAT A STORY! A SMUGGLING RACKET BROKEN UP BY CONGO BILL AND--A *WHALE*!



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SHOOT ME, BUT FIRST TELL ME HOW TO KEEP HAIR SO NEAT!

GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL IN TUBES!

WILDROOT CREAM-OIL CAN HELP YOU GET A HEAD, TOO. KEEPS HAIR GROOMED NATURALLY ALL DAY WITHOUT GREASINESS. NO DRYING ALCOHOL. NO HARSH SYN-THETICS. CONTAINS MAGIC LAMOUN, SO MUCH LIKE THE NATURAL OILS OF YOUR HAIR AND SCALP. TRY A BOTTLE OR HANDY TUBE TODAY.



29¢ and 59¢



QUICK QUIZ

WHY ARE CUPS OCCASIONALLY CALLED "MUGS"?



IN OLDEN DAYS, THE DRINKING CUP WAS OFTEN MADE IN THE FORM OF A FACE....AND WAS CALLED A "MUG"!

WHAT IS THE ORIGIN OF THE WORD "CLOCK"?



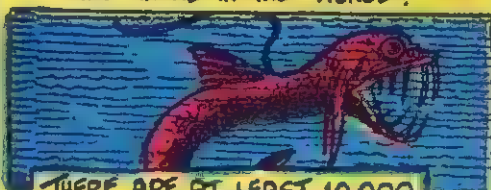
"CLOCK" IS FROM THE LATIN "CLOCCA" MEANING BELL.... SINCE BELLS WERE USED TO INDICATE THE HOURS BEFORE MECHANICAL TIMEPIECES WERE INVENTED!

HOW LONG DO ORANGE TREES BEAR FRUIT?



THE AVERAGE LIFE OF AN ORANGE TREE IS FROM 35 TO 50 YEARS!

HOW MANY SPECIES OF FISH ARE THERE IN THE WORLD?



THERE ARE AT LEAST 10,000 SPECIES OF FISH! IN NO FORM OF LIFE IS THERE A GREATER VARIETY OF SHAPE AND COLOR!

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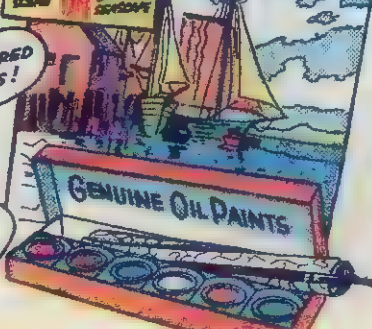
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IT'S FUN AND
RELAXING!
JUST FILL IN NUMBERED
PATCHES...LIKE THIS!

IT'S A CINCH!
EVEN WE KIDS
CAN DO IT!

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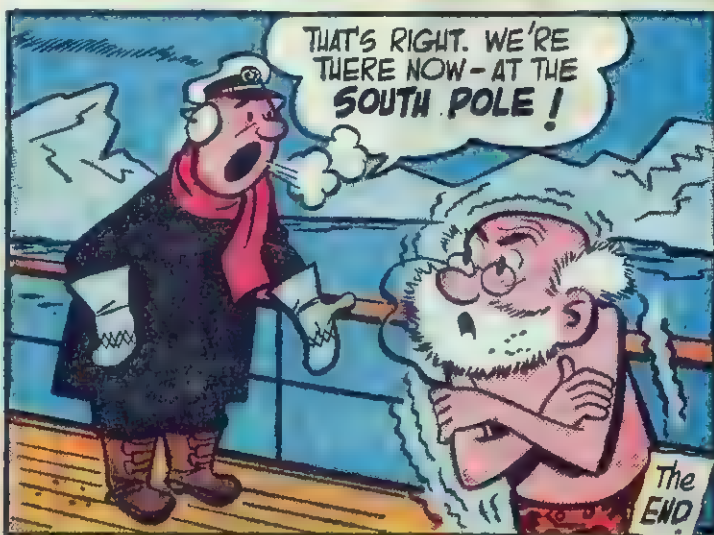
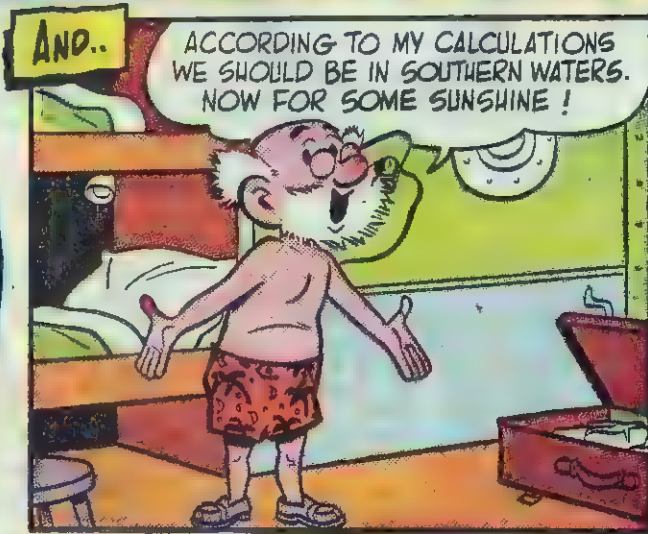
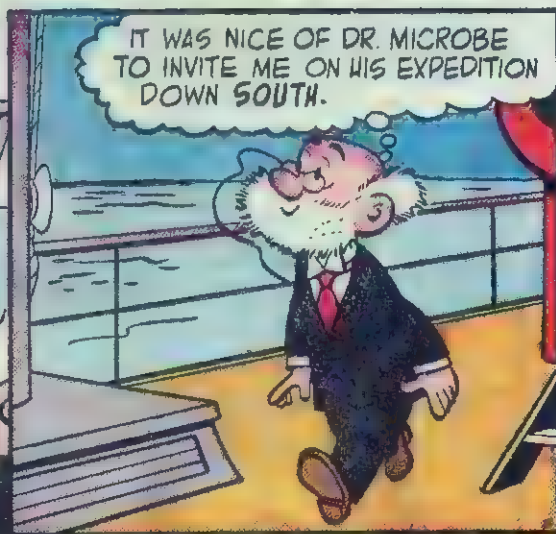
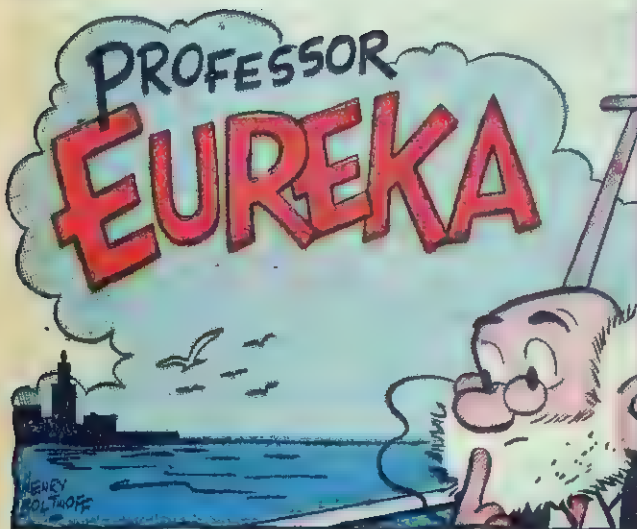
Please send me the complete artist oil painting set. I enclose 35¢ and one Smith Bros. Wild Cherry Cough Drop Box Front FOR EACH SET. (Offer expires December 31, 1954.) I enclose \$_____ and _____ Box Fronts. Please rush _____ oil paint sets right away!

☐ WESTERN LANDSCAPE ☐ SEASCAPE

NAME _____ (Please print in pencil)

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Tommy TOMORROW

THESE STRANGE CLUES,
THIS IS THE MOST
MYSTERIOUS MANHUNT
IN MY LIFE.

THAT STRANGE KIND OF PICTURE-PUZZLE
KNOWN AS THE **REBUS** IS AN OLD
AMUSEMENT... BUT IN THE 21ST
CENTURY, IT BECOMES MORE THAN
A MERE PASTIME FOR TOMMY
TOMORROW, ACE PLANETEER. FOR
WHEN TOMMY STRUGGLES TO
CONQUER CRYPTIC CRIME IN THE
WORLDS OF TOMORROW, HIS ONLY
WEAPON IS ...

The REBUS of SPACE!

TO **PLANETEER** HEADQUARTERS, ONE MORNING,
COMES STARTLING NEWS... COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW
IS MISSING! AT ONCE, HIS PAL BRENT WOOD BEGINS
THE SEARCH...

TOMMY WAS
INVESTIGATING A CRIME GANG
THAT WAS SMUGGLING GOODS
FROM EARTH TO THE OUTER
PLANETS! HE MUST HAVE TRAILED
THEM OUT INTO SPACE, BUT
WHERE CAN HE BE NOW?

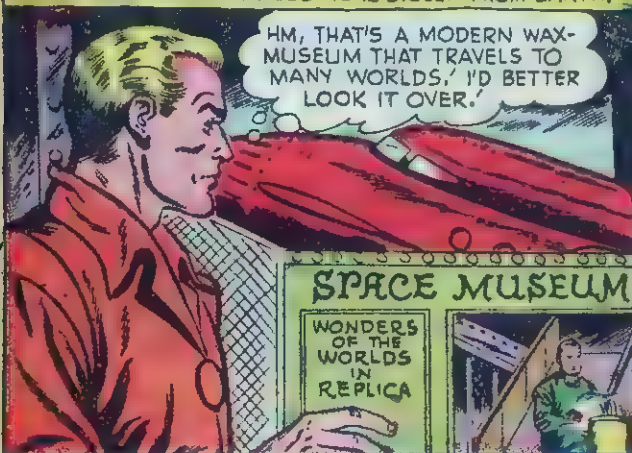
THE RADAR
SHOWS SOME
OBJECT FLOATING
IN THE SPACE-
LANE JUST
AHEAD, SIR!

IT'S A BODY, FROZEN COLD
AND HARD IN SPACE--
**THE BODY OF COLONEL
TOMORROW!**

TOMMY--DEAD--
IT CAN'T BE!
BUT IT IS!

IS THIS REALLY THE END OF THE ACE OF ALL
PLANETEERS? TO LEARN WHAT HAPPENED TO
TOMMY TOMORROW, LET'S LOOK BACK A FEW DAYS...

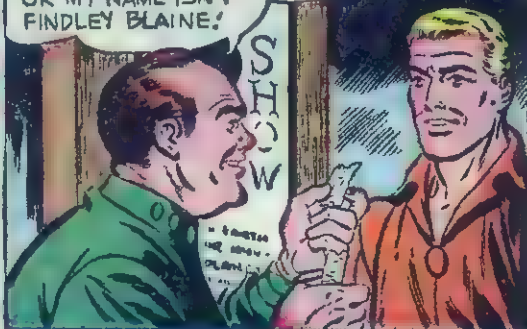
...WHEN DISGUISED IN PLAIN CLOTHES, HE WAS TRYING TO LEARN HOW PRIZED GOODS WERE STOLEN FROM EARTH.



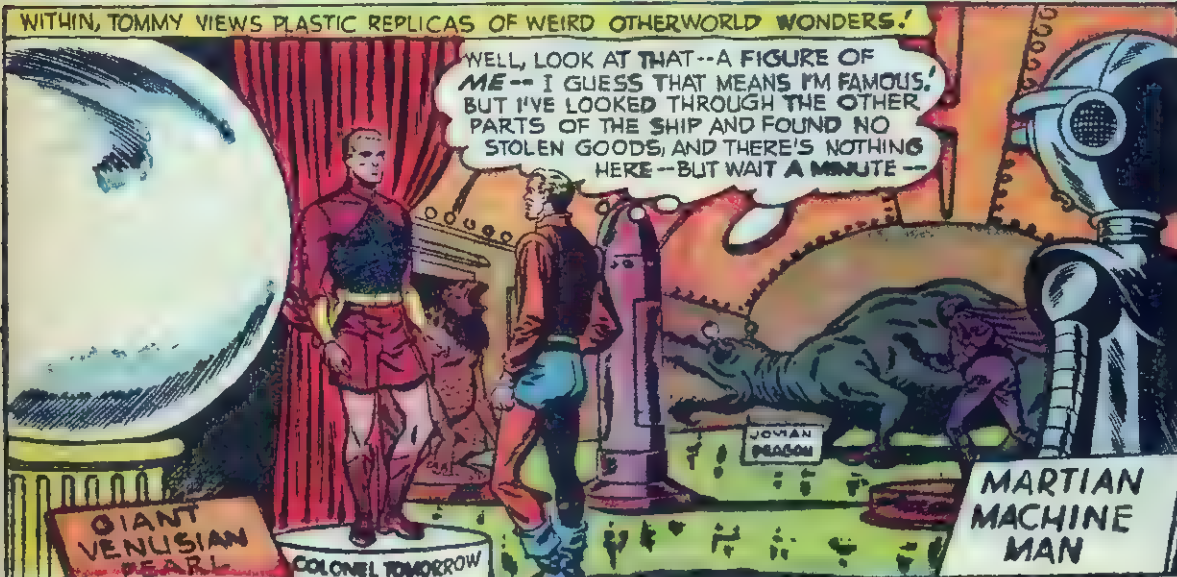
HM, THAT'S A MODERN WAX-MUSEUM THAT TRAVELS TO MANY WORLDS. I'D BETTER LOOK IT OVER.

YOU'LL SEE THE WONDERS OF MANY PLANETS, IN EXACT PLASTIC REPLICAS! FAMOUS MEN AND WOMEN, GROTESQUE BEASTS, THE STRANGEST FREAKS OF THE SYSTEM! IT'S THE GREATEST SHOW IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM OR MY NAME ISN'T FINDLEY BLAINE!

I'LL BUY A TICKET!

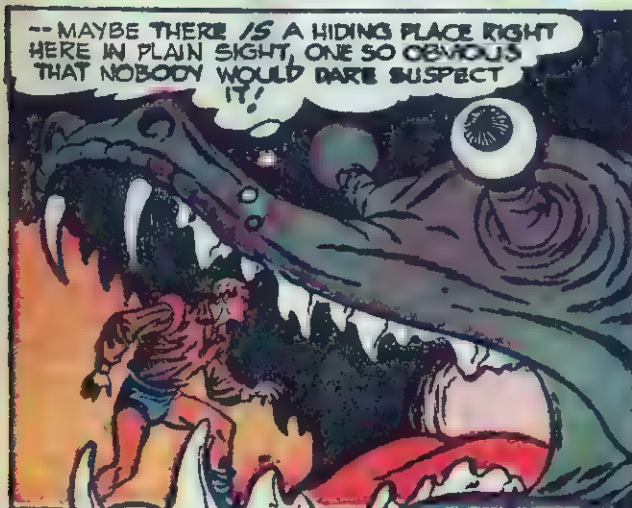


WITHIN, TOMMY VIEWS PLASTIC REPLICAS OF WEIRD OTHERWORLD WONDERS.

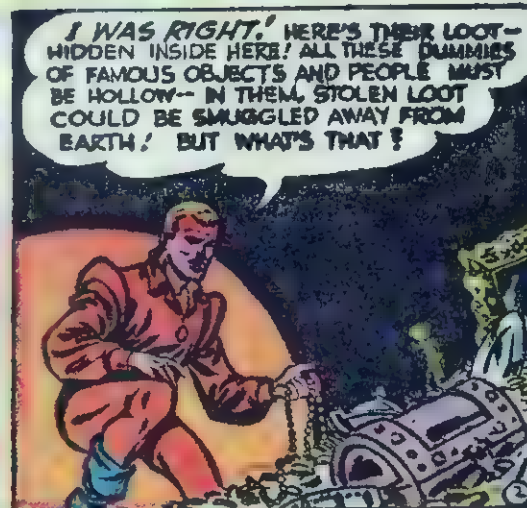


WELL, LOOK AT THAT--A FIGURE OF ME-- I GUESS THAT MEANS I'M FAMOUS! BUT I'VE LOOKED THROUGH THE OTHER PARTS OF THE SHIP AND FOUND NO STOLEN GOODS, AND THERE'S NOTHING HERE--BUT WAIT A MINUTE--

--MAYBE THERE IS A HIDING PLACE RIGHT HERE IN PLAIN SIGHT, ONE SO OBVIOUS THAT NOBODY WOULD DARE SUSPECT IT!

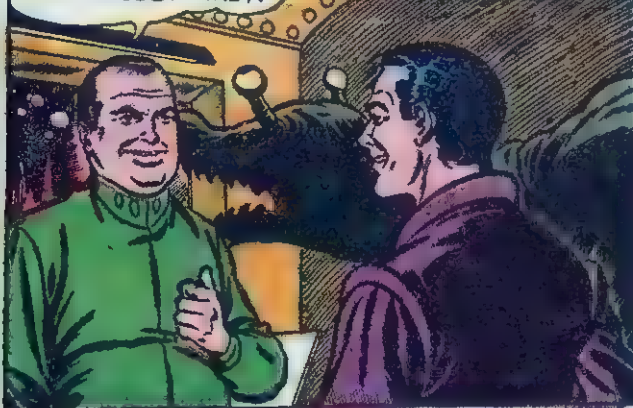


I WAS RIGHT! HERE'S THEIR LOOT-- HIDDEN INSIDE HERE! ALL THESE DUMMIES OF FAMOUS OBJECTS AND PEOPLE MUST BE HOLLOW-- IN THEM, STOLEN LOOT COULD BE SMUGGLED AWAY FROM EARTH! BUT WHAT'S THAT?



WE'LL TAKE OFF NOW--WE'RE SUPPOSED TO PRESENT OUR SHOW NEXT AT MARS, BUT WE'LL TAKE THIS LOOT TO THE HIDEOUT FIRST!

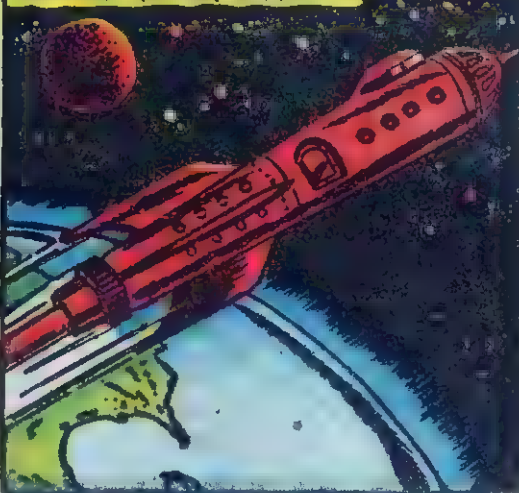
THE BOSS WILL BE GLAD TO GET THIS SHIPMENT.



I COULD ARREST THESE TWO NOW, BUT I WANT THEIR BOSS, TOO. I'LL GO ALONG SECRETLY WITH THEM TO THEIR SMUGGLING HEADQUARTERS, WHEREVER IT IS, AND STAY HIDDEN TILL WE GET THERE.

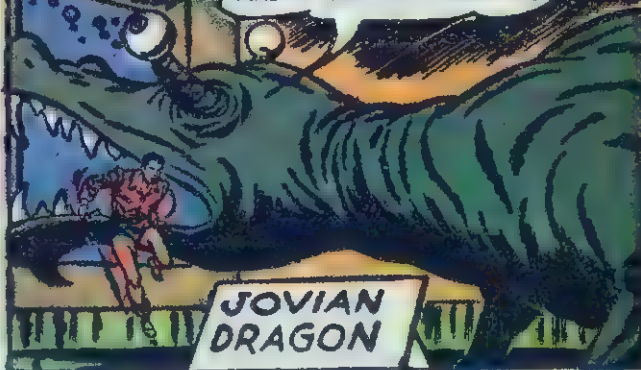


SOON, AS A SINISTER MUSEUM SHIP TAKES OFF FOR OUTER SPACE...



...IT CARRIES AS A STOWAWAY A PLANETEER BOUND FOR THE STRANGEST VOYAGE OF HIS CAREER...

NOW'S MY CHANCE TO EXAMINE THEIR OTHER EXHIBITS FOR HIDDEN LOOT! BUT, FIRST, I'LL MAKE SURE BLAINE AND HIS ACCOMPLICE ARE IN THE PILOT-ROOM.



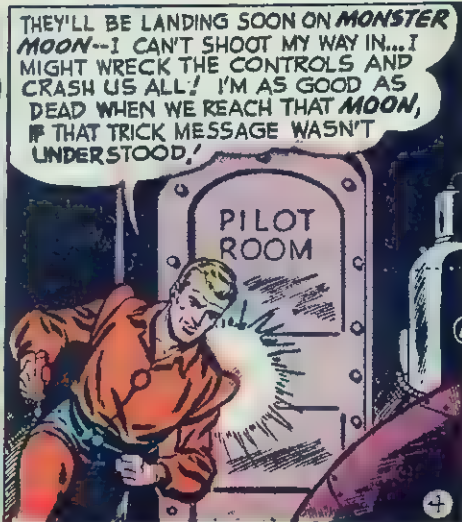
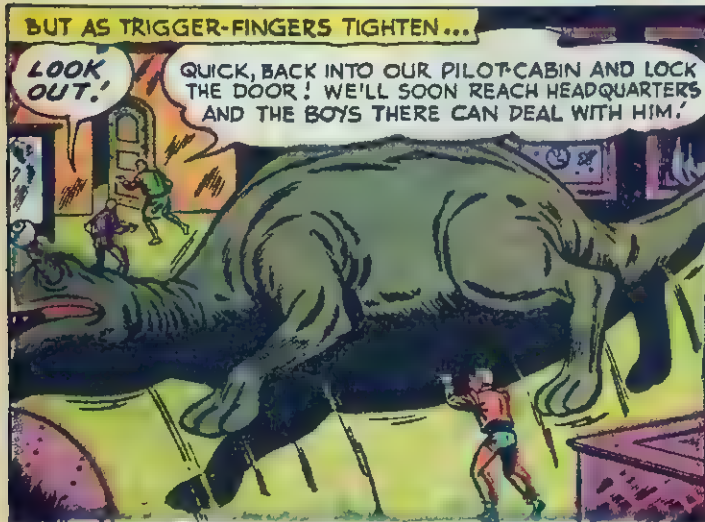
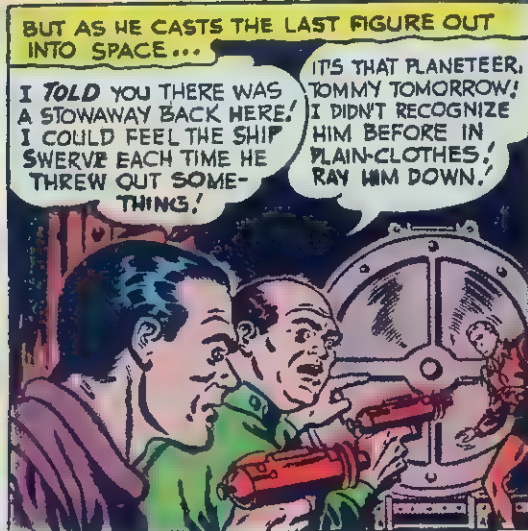
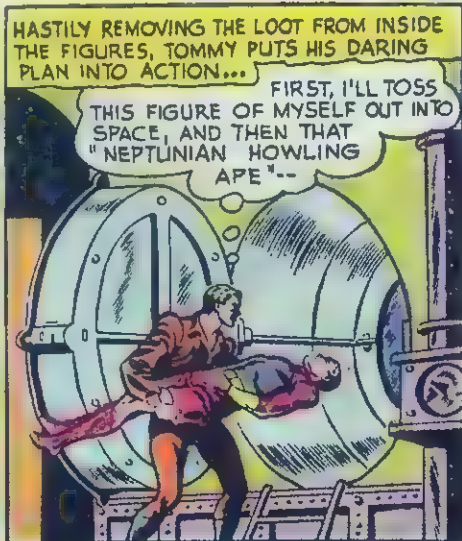
I'M STILL WORRIED--THE PLANETEERS ARE AFTER US! SUPPOSE ONE OF THEM FOUND OUR HEADQUARTERS?

THE BOSS SAID HIS WEAPONS AND MEN WOULD SOON TAKE CARE OF ANY NOSEY PLANETEERS. I'D TAKE A LOT OF THEM TO RAID IT ON MONSTER MOON!



THIS SMUGGLING RING IS BIG--TOO BIG FOR ME TO HANDLE ALONE! I'VE GOT TO NOTIFY PLANETEER SHIPS OR SOME OF THE CROOKS WILL GET AWAY! BUT HOW CAN I SEND WORD, WHEN I CAN'T GET NEAR THEIR RADIO?





SO THAT IS THE EXPLANATION FOR THE "DEAD" FIGURE OF TOMMY TOMORROW WHICH BRENT WOOD PICKED UP IN THE SPACE-LANE, AND AS THE PUZZLED BRENT PICKS UP STILL ANOTHER DRIFTING OBJECT...

WHY WOULD ANYONE CAST THESE PLASTIC FIGURES ADRIFT IN THE SPACE-LANES?

WAIT A MINUTE--MAYBE THEY MEAN SOMETHING. THERE'S AN OLD PUZZLE CALLED *THE REBUS*, IN WHICH EACH PICTURE OR OBJECT FORMS A WORD OF A MESSAGE --

APE IS HOWLING OR CALLING! COULD THESE TWO OBJECTS MEAN, "TOMMY TOMORROW CALLING!"?

YOU'RE RIGHT, SIR! LET'S SEE IF WE FIND ANY MORE!

MORE DRIFTING REBUS-OBJECTS ARE SOON FOUND.

THOSE TWO ARE "FAMOUS CRIMINALS OF MARS AND VENUS"-- BUT THE OTHER'S JUST A ROBOT'S HEAD!

A HEAD? I DON'T GET THAT AT ALL!

BUT AS EVEN STRANGER OBJECTS ARE ADDED...

IT'S TOO DEEP FOR ME! THESE "CRIMINALS," THE ROBOT "HEAD," AND THEN THE ROBOT'S BODY, BUT THAT "BODY" HAS BEEN DIVIDED INTO *FOUR QUARTERS*!

THAT'S IT! *CRIMINALS--HEAD--QUARTERS*--IN OTHER WORDS, "CRIMINALS HEADQUARTERS"! TOMMY'S TELLING US *WHERE* THEY'RE GOING! LET'S SCAN THE SPACE-LANE FOR THE NEXT SIGNS

THERE'S A *PLUTONIAN SEA MONSTER*-- BUT WHAT'S THAT SPHERE SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT?

I CAN'T GUESS-- LOOKS LIKE TOMMY PUNCHED LITTLE HOLES IN ITS SURFACE, BUT WHY? IT'S COVERED WITH THEM LIKE EARTH'S MOON WITH CRATERS!

TOMMY PUNCHED THOSE TINY CRATERS IN IT TO SUGGEST EARTH'S MOON! *MONSTER--MOON*--THAT'S IT! HIS FULL MESSAGE--"TOMMY TOMORROW CALLING! CRIMINALS HEADQUARTERS MONSTER MOON"! AND THAT'S THE NICKNAME THEY'VE ALWAYS GIVEN MARS' SECOND MOON!

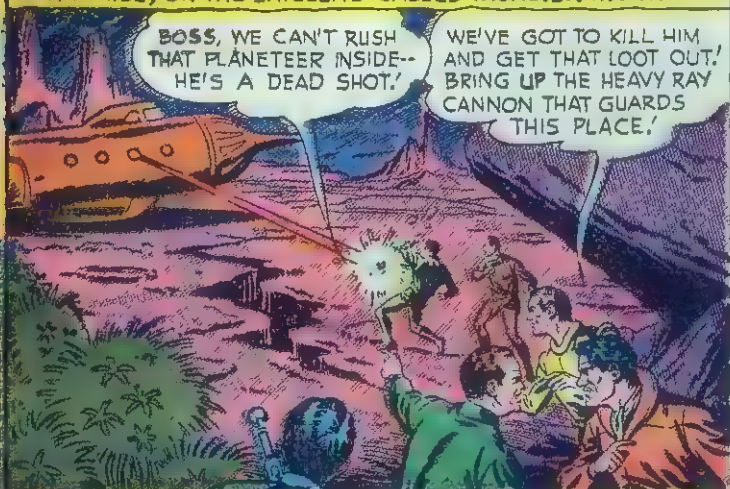
NOW WE KNOW WHERE TO GO!



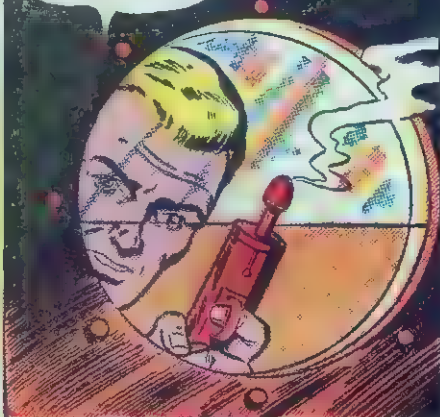
MEANWHILE, ON THE SATELLITE CALLED **MONSTER MOON...**

BOSS, WE CAN'T RUSH THAT PLANETEER INSIDE-- HE'S A DEAD SHOT!

WE'VE GOT TO KILL HIM AND GET THAT LOOT OUT! BRING UP THE HEAVY RAY CANNON THAT GUARDS THIS PLACE!



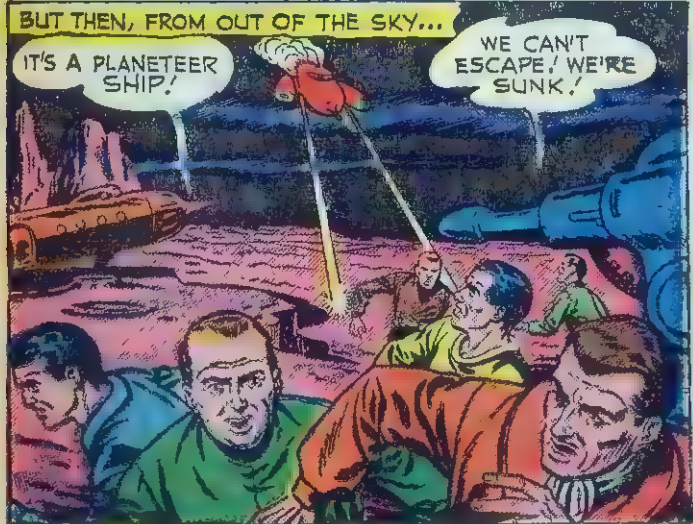
THAT DOES IT! THOSE HEAVY RAY-GUNS WILL FLATTEN THIS SHIP! LOOKS LIKE MY MESSAGE NEVER WAS PICKED UP!



BUT THEN, FROM OUT OF THE SKY...

IT'S A PLANETEER SHIP!

WE CAN'T ESCAPE! WE'RE SUNK!



LATER...

IT WAS YOUR REBUS MESSAGE IN THE SPACE-LANE THAT TIPPED US OFF! ANY OTHER KIND OF MESSAGE WOULD HAVE BEEN SO SMALL IT WOULD HAVE BEEN OVERLOOKED, BUT **THAT** ONE WE COULDN'T MISS!

AND FOR THOSE CROOKS, THAT PICTURE-PUZZLE SPELLED ONE WORD, **P-R-I-S-O-N!**



SUPERMAN ON **TELEVISION!**
is
SUPER-TV

SEE YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR TIME AND CHANNEL!

AFRICA'S DEADLIEST ENEMY



It's the Sun, and Scientists Can Prove It

TAKE a guess: which do you think is man's most dangerous enemy in Africa?

Is it the notorious man-killing lion, "the king of beasts," which can charge you at the speed of 50 miles an hour, or leap at you for a distance of 15 yards?

Or is it the 2,000-pound rhinoceros, which can crush a tree with its terrifying lunges?

Perhaps you would pick the bull elephant, which can fling a man 100 yards with one toss of its mighty trunk, and be on top of him before he could raise his head?

Yes, these are all formidable enemies of man, and you wouldn't be making the mistake of your life if you picked any of these as man's most dangerous enemy in Africa. But if you asked an experienced African hunter the same question, chances are his answer would be a rather disappointing one. Yes, chances are, his answer would be:

"The most dangerous enemy in Africa? I'd say, the sun!"

And you'd better not scoff, because he could tell you a thousand stories to prove his point.

For instance, he could tell you about

the newcomer to Dar-es-Salaam. Dar-es-Salaam is on the equator, virtually at sea level. Rogers, as we will call the newcomer, was no stranger to tropical lands, having traveled extensively in southern climes. The African sun, he was soon to learn, was unlike the sun of any other land.

He had arrived at Dar-es-Salaam early in the afternoon. He had no helmet, but knew he should have one. Consequently, early the next morning he left his hotel, wearing a felt hat, the brim turned down all around, on his way to a shop that displayed helmets in its window.

He walked on the shady side of the street as a wise precaution, then crossed over toward the shop. Suddenly, he felt as if someone had struck him in the back of his head with a sledge hammer.

He dropped to his hands and knees, and crawled the rest of the way to the other side. A shopkeeper recognized Rogers' ailment at once, and loosened his clothes. At the same time he sent his boy for some water and ice.

An hour later, Rogers was able to sit up. Feeling better, he noticed that the helmet shop was only a few doors away, and rose to continue his way. But the kindly shopkeeper restrained him.

"If you give the sun another chance at you, only for a minute or two, you'll be a dead man."

Rogers heeded the shopkeeper's warning, and let the man's son fetch him a helmet.

People like Rogers, having sampled the awful power of the African sun, wonder how it is the natives can go about completely bareheaded.

"Is it a heavier skin, or the pigmentation in their skin, that protects them?" they usually ask.

The answer is, definitely no. The only reason the natives can endure the African sun is because they have become accustomed to it. Those same natives would either freeze to death during a New York winter, or choke to death in a steam-heated flat.

But the \$64 question is: What makes the African sun so powerful? Scientists can provide the answer. At the equator, the rays of the sun are direct, and without a special helmet, these direct rays can destroy a man's nervous system, or strike him dead in minutes.

In more temperate zones, the sun's rays slant to the earth, thus striking us only a glancing blow. But near the equator, the rays are direct and strike like a sledgehammer.

Tenderfeet starting out on a safari usually hear from their guides the kind of advice contained in the book, *I Found Africa*, in which the author, Van Ness Allen, declares that the most important precautions one can take in Africa is:

"... Having your helmet on from seven or eight in the morning until four in the afternoon—rain or shine—if you are not sheltered by a heavy roof. I thought it was foolish to wear one in the rain, and once, in a cold morning storm, I walked a hun-

dred yards bareheaded from a hut to a chief's compound across a small village. Two hours later, everything went black and I remember the next two days vaguely, but painfully."

One African hunter relates that he had been riding in an automobile. The car had a heavy steel roof, and a rather cool breeze was blowing in through the window. Surely, it was perfectly safe, he reasoned, to remove his helmet now, and let the cool breezes blow through his hair.

The driver of the car, an experienced African hunter, turned his head just in time. Jamming on the brakes, he tore the helmet out of his passenger's hand, and crushed it down over the man's head. True, the man suffered a sunstroke, but in another minute he would have been dead.

At another time, the story is told of an Englishman, new to Africa, who chatted with a friend, and removed his helmet to wipe the perspiration from his brow. He didn't replace it soon enough, and minutes later, he was dead.

As Daniel W. Streeter put it in his humorous book, *Denatured Africa*:

"... I've seen them get sunstroke at midnight. I've seen them sit under a tin roof and laugh at the sun—then start jibbering. The sun's all over. It's everywhere. I've been touched myself—but I got over it.

"This is equatorial Africa. Don't monkey with it. You've got a head like butter—I mean we all have. It'll melt. Wear your hat. Continue to wear your hat. Wear it from morning till night. . . ."

As we said before, the lions, the rhinos, and the bull elephants are something to worry about in Africa—but, compared to the sun, they're sissies!

—Jack Mabely

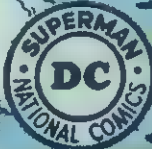
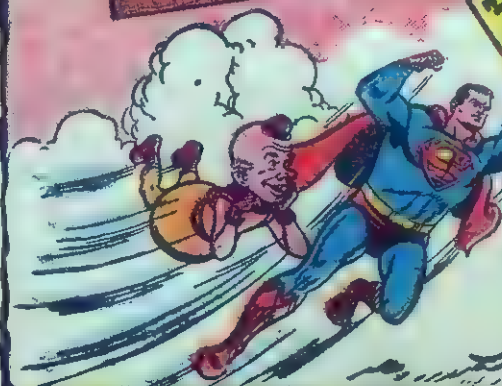
THREE SMASHING ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN



"The DRAGON from KING ARTHUR'S COURT!"

"JIMMY OLSEN, EDITOR!"

"The MISCHIEVOUS MR. MXYZTPLK!"



Now ON SALE at your Favorite Newsstand.

VIGILANTE

DYED-IN-THE-WOOL WESTERNERS WILL TELL YOU "ONCE AN OWLHOOT, ALWAYS AN OWLHOOT!" PERHAPS THAT OLD SAYING IS TRUE, BUT THE FAMED **VIGILANTE** BELIEVED THAT EVERY MAN'S ENTITLED TO A SECOND CHANCE... ONCE HE'S PAID FOR HIS CRIME! BUT PERHAPS THE GALLANT RIDER OF THE PURPLE SAGE PLAYED HIS HAND TOO FAR WHEN HE ORGANIZED A GROUP OF THE WEST'S MOST DANGEROUS EX-CRIMINALS INTO... "THE **REFORMED OWLHOOT CLUB!**"

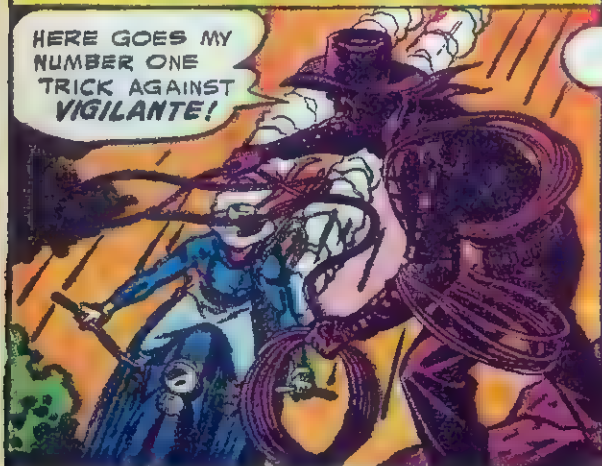
THUNDERATION! IT'S THOSE EX-OUTLAWS BELONGIN' TO **VIGILANTE'S CLUB!** THEY'VE TURNED ON HIM, LIKE WE FIGURED! BLAST 'EM, MEN!

B-BUT IT COULDN'T BE THEM, SHERIFF! I HAVE FAITH IN THOSE MEN! LET'S GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN!



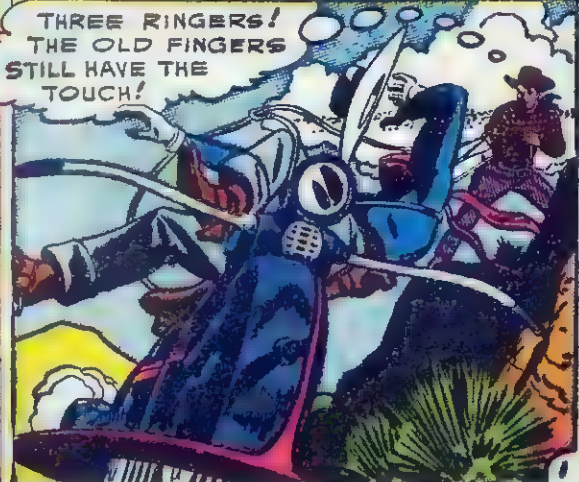
DEEP IN RED BRUSH COUNTY, ONE MORNING, A DETERMINED RIDER PURSUES THE VALIANT **VIGILANTE**...

HERE GOES MY NUMBER ONE TRICK AGAINST **VIGILANTE!**



ABRUPTLY, THREE LARIATS UNPURL LIKE DARTING SNAKES...

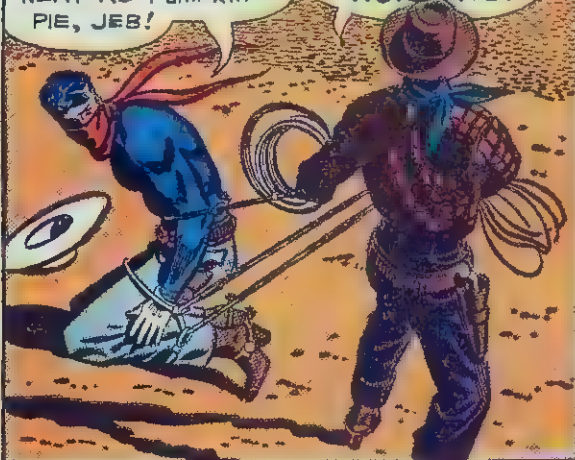
THREE RINGERS! THE OLD FINGERS STILL HAVE THE TOUCH!



WHAT CAN THIS MEAN... **VIGILANTE** HELPLESSLY ROPED BY A CONFIDENT ENEMY?

YOU CORRALED ME NEAT AS PUMPKIN PIE, JEB!

HA, HA... TOLD YOU I COULD, **VIGILANTE!**



YES, IT'S ALL JUST A GAME... FOR THESE ARE MEMBERS OF THE **REFORMED OWLHOOT CLUB**... WAYWARD CITIZENS WHO HAVE GONE STRAIGHT, THANKS TO **VIGILANTE'S** ASSISTANCE!

GOSH, **VIGILANTE**, NO MATTER HOW CLEVER WE EVER FIGURED OURSELVES, YOU ALWAYS HAD AN ACE IN THE HOLE!

SOMETIMES A MIGHTY LUCKY ACE IN THE HOLE, PETE! WELL, WHO'S NEXT?

I AM, **VIGILANTE!**



WITH EACH DEMONSTRATION, **VIGILANTE'S** HEART THUMPS WITH PRIDE...

GOSH, **VIG**... THIS IS THE GREATEST IDEA YOU'VE HAD YET! WHAT

CHANCE CAN WOULD-BE OWLHOOTS HAVE, KNOWING THAT YOU'VE DEFEATED THE CLEVEREST OF THEM ALL?

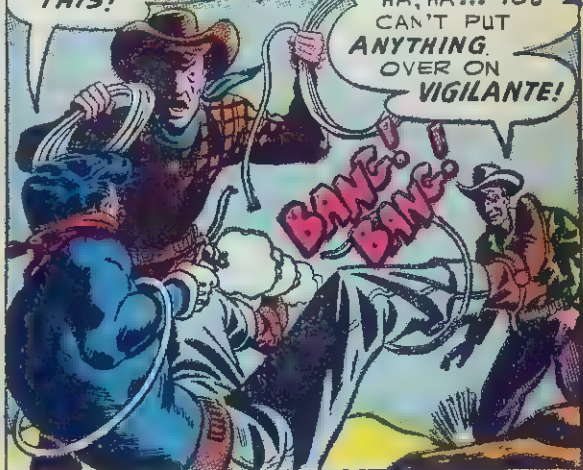
ALSO, STUFF, WHEN POTENTIAL OWLHOOTS SEE WHAT A GREAT TIME THESE FELLOWS HAVE, LIVING AN HONEST LIFE, THEY'LL THINK TWICE BEFORE HITTING THE CRIME TRAIL!



BUT IF WE WERE PLAYING FOR **KEEPS**, I MIGHT HAVE DONE SOMETHING LIKE **THIS!**

ULP! Y-YOU SNAPPED THE ROPES WITH YOUR BULLETS!

HA, HA... YOU CAN'T PUT ANYTHING OVER ON **VIGILANTE!**



AND AS CLUB MEMBER **ANDY LINK** DEMONSTRATES THE SKILL WHICH HE ONCE USED AGAINST LAW AND ORDER...

BESIDES MAKING GOOD ENTERTAINMENT, THIS IS A PERFECT WAY TO KEEP IN CONDITION!

NICE SHOOTING, **ANDY!**



MEANWHILE, BACK IN TOWN, AT THE HIDEOUT OF BEN BOULDER, OUTLAW CHIEFTAIN...

SO THAT'S IT, BOULDER... I'VE DECIDED NOT TO THROW IN WITH YOUR GANG... I'M GOING STRAIGHT!

A PRETTY QUICK CHANGE OF MIND, KID! AWRIGHT... BEAT IT! THERE ARE PLENTY OF YOUNG CRITTERS DYIN' TO TAKE YORE PLACE!



I DUNNO, BOULDER! MOST O' THOSE CHARACTERS WERE **TOPS** IN THEIR LINE! LOOKS LIKE THEY GIT MORE FUN OUT O' GOIN' **STRAIGHT!**

YEAH? WELL, I SAY ANY HOMBRE THAT'S RUN THE OWLHOOT TRAIL WILL DO IT AGAIN... FOR THE RIGHT PRICE... AN' I'M GOIN' TO PROVE THAT PRONTO!

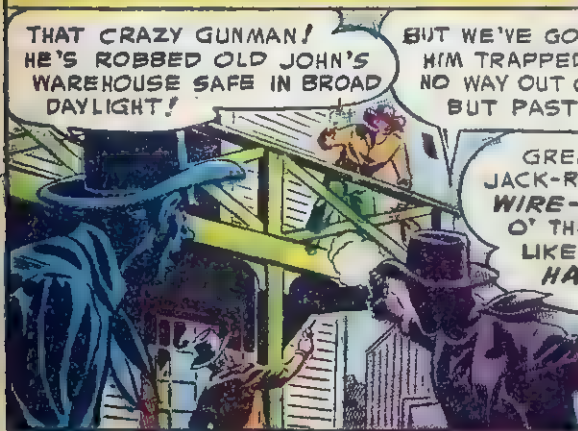


WHAT MAKES THE WILY GANG CHIEF SO CONFIDENT? WEEKS LATER, AS CRIME ERUPTS IN A NEARBY TOWN...

THAT CRAZY GUNMAN! HE'S ROBBED OLD JOHN'S WAREHOUSE SAFE IN BROAD DAYLIGHT!

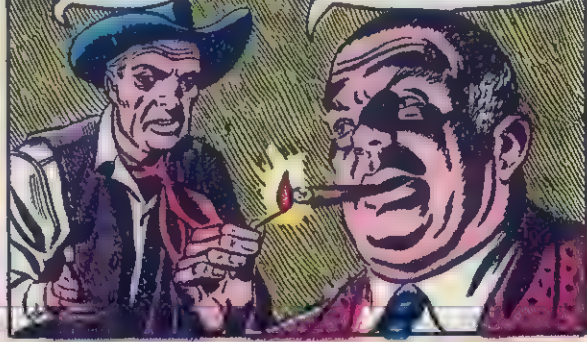
BUT WE'VE GOT HIM TRAPPED! THERE'S NO WAY OUT O' THERE BUT PAST US!

GREAT GALLOPIN' JACK-RABBITS! N...HE'S WIRE-WALKIN' OUT O' THE TRAP, JUST LIKE HIGHWIRE HANSON USED TO DO!



I DON'T LIKE IT, BOSS... WE BEEN GETTIN' TOO MANY LIKE HIM LATELY! THOSE REFORMED OUTLAWS IN **VIGILANTE'S** CLUB ARE GIVING 'EM IDEAS!

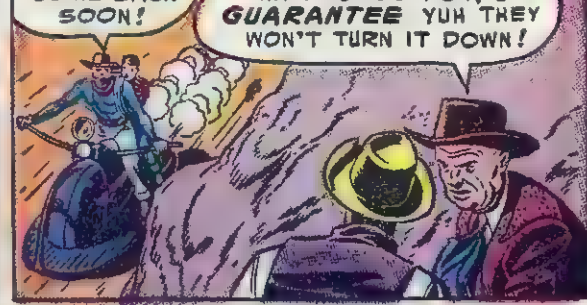
VIGILANTE'S REFORMED OWLHOOTS... **BAH!** NO CRITTER EVER CHANGES HIS COLORS! THEY PROBABLY GOT SOME SMART IDEA UP THEIR SLEEVEES!



LATER, AS **VIGILANTE** ENDS HIS VISIT TO THE CLUB...

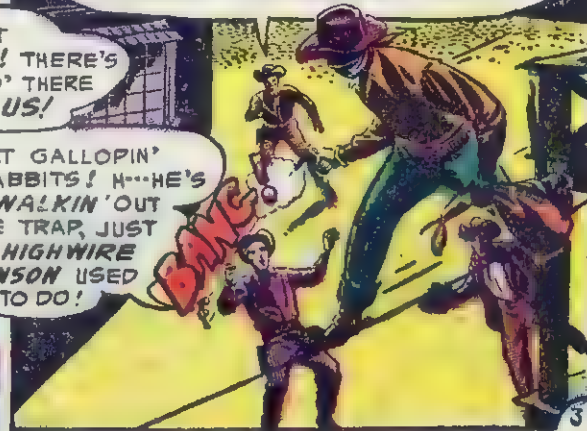
I SURE HAD A GOOD TIME, STUFF... WE'LL HAVE TO COME BACK SOON!

VIGILANTE'S LEAVIN'! C'MON... NOW'S OUR CHANCE! WHEN THOSE EX-GUNNIES HEAR MY PROPOSITION, I **GUARANTEE** YUH THEY WON'T TURN IT DOWN!



SUDDENLY...

B-BUT HANSON'S GONE **STRAIGHT!** HE'S A MEMBER O' **VIGILANTE'S CLUB!**



**MINUTES AFTERWARD,
IN THE SHERIFF'S
OFFICE...**

OF COURSE, WE COULDN'T
IDENTIFY THE CRITTER
BECAUSE O' HIS MASK,
SHERIFF, BUT HE
CERTAINLY **OPERATED**
JUST LIKE
HANSON!

WELL, IT'S
MOST LIKELY SOME
OWLHOOT COPYING HIS
TRICKS, BUT I'LL
CONTACT **VIGILANTE**
ANYHOW! FOLKS MAY
THINK MIGHTY BAD OF
HIS CLUB AFTER
THIS!

NEXT DAY...

GOSH...WHAT A ROTTEN TRICK,
VIG... COPYING THE SKILL
OF A REFORMED MAN AND
MAKING CITIZENS WONDER!

IT'S UP TO US TO
RUN THAT CRITTER
DOWN FAST, STUFF!

JUST THEN...

SOMEBODY BLASTING
SLUGS INTO THE MAIL
CAR DOOR OF THAT
TRAIN! LET'S GO,
STUFF!

**VIG!
LOOK!**

BANG! BANG!

U.S.
MAIL

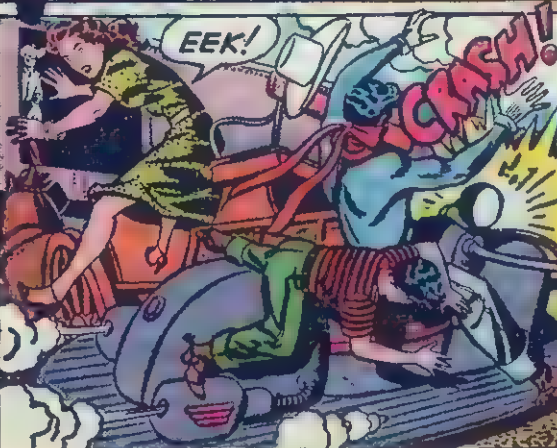
AND **VIG...**
DO YOU
SEE WHAT
I SEE?

HE'S USING ANDY LINK'S
BEST TRICK! LEAPING
COYOTES...TAKE OVER,
STUFF... I'M GOING TO
TRY AND ROPE HIM
OFF!

BUT AS **VIGILANTE** TWIRLS
HIS LARIAT FOR THE DIFFICULT TOSS,
FATE INTERVENES AS AN APPROACHING
WAGON CROSSES THEIR PATH, AND...

HEY! WATCH
OUT!

HANG ON,
VIG!



ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT,
MISS?

I---I SUPPOSE SO, **VIGILANTE...**
JUST A BIT FLUSTERED!

TOUGH LUCK...WE'LL
NEVER CATCH UP WITH
THAT TRAIN NOW!

LATER, AS THE PUZZLED
LAWMAN SPEAKS TO THE
LOCAL SHERIFF...

VIGILANTE, I'M NOT
ACCUSING YOUR BOYS FOR
SURE... BUT YOU YOURSELF
SAW WHAT WE'RE UP
AGAINST! I'VE GOT TO
CHECK THAT THEY AREN'T
SNEAKING OUT OF THE
HILLS AND REPEATING
JOBS THEY USED TO DO!

I UNDERSTAND, SHERIFF!
ONE THING... I'D LIKE
TO HANDLE THE
INVESTIGATION
PERSONALLY!

GO TO IT, **VIGILANTE**!
YOUR REPORT WILL BE
GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!

THANK YOU, SHERIFF!
WHATEVER THE OUT-
COME, I'LL SEE
THAT THE LAW
IS OBEYED!

BUT AS **VIGILANTE**
LEAVES THE OFFICE...

FACE THE FACTS,
VIGILANTE... NO
OWLHOOT EVER GOES
STRAIGHT! THEY'RE
USING YOU FOR A GOAT!
THEY FIGURE IT'S A
PERFECT ALIBI, BEING
MEMBERS OF YOUR CLUB!

CHIN UP, **VIG**...
WE'LL SHOW
'EM THEY'RE
WRONG!

AFTERWARD, AS THE TWO FRIENDS HEAD
FOR THE WEEKLY CLUB MEETING
IN THE HILLS...

WHAT BOTHERS ME IS
THAT NOBODY'S SEEN OR
HEARD FROM A CLUB
MEMBER SINCE THIS
TROUBLE BEGAN! IT...
IT SURE LOOKS
SUSPICIOUS, STUFF!

WELL, HERE
THEY COME FOR
THE MEETING
NOW! I'M SURE
THEY'LL BE ABLE
TO CLEAR THINGS
UP FOR US!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

YOU'D BETTER TURN
OFF HERE, BOULDER!
IT WOULD GIVE
THINGS AWAY IF
VIGILANTE PAID
THE CLUB A
VISIT AND SAW
YOU!

HA, HA... THAT'S
RIGHT! SEE YUH
LATER, BOYS!

BEN BOULDER?
WH-WHY,
THEY'RE
ASSOCIATING
WITH A KNOWN
OWLHOOT LEADER!

GOSH, **VIG**... THAT'S
THE BIGGEST SHOCK
OF ALL, SEEING THEM
ACTING SO MYSTERIOUSLY
WITH BOULDER! SHALL
WE GO DOWN AND
QUESTION THEM?

NO, STUFF...
THIS CALLS
FOR A CHANGE
OF PLANS!
WE'LL JUST KEEP
AN EYE ON THINGS
FROM A DISTANCE,
TILL SOMETHING
BREAKS!

SOON AFTER, AS ONE CLUB MEMBER
EMERGES...

THERE GOES
PETE BAKER
TOWARD TOWN,
ALONE! WHAT DO
YOU SUPPOSE HE'S
UP TO, **VIG**?

HE MAY BE GOING TO
PICK UP SOMETHING IN
THE TOWN CLUBHOUSE,
BUT WE'D BEST
KEEP AN EYE ON
HIM ANYHOW! WE'LL
TAIL HIM FROM A
DISTANCE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HMM... PETE *ISN'T* GOING TO TOWN... HE'S... **ROARING WILDCATS!** THE SHERIFF'S POSSE IS SURE AFTER SOMEBODY, **VIG!**

SMELLS LIKE REAL TROUBLE! LET'S GO!

WHAT HAPPENED, MEN? WE'LL SCUTTLE THE CRITTER!

NO YOU DON'T, **VIGILANTE!** THAT'S PETE BAKER, THE TRICK-RIDING OWL-HOOT... AND YOU'RE HIS SIDEKICK! LEAVE HIM TO **US...** HE JUST LOOTED THE POST OFFICE!

BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! IT *COULDN'T* BE PETE BAKER! I JUST SAW PETE MYSELF!

SEE? ALREADY HE'S TRYIN' TO PROTECT THE RAT!

WELL, THIS TIME WE DON'T INTEND TO BE FOOLED! YOU STAY OUT OF IT, **VIGILANTE!**

B-BUT YOU'RE WRONG! WOW... LOOK OUT STUFF!

AWHILE LATER, AS THE POSSE RETURNS ALONG THE ROAD...

WELL, I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED! WHERE IS HE?... DID YOU PROVE TO YOURSELF HE WASN'T PETE BAKER?

WE COULDN'T, **VIGILANTE!** 'CAUSE YOU INTERFERED, HE GOT AWAY!

I CAN'T HOLD THEM OFF ANY LONGER, **VIGILANTE!** WE'VE GOT TO HAVE A SHOWDOWN AT THE CLUB!

AND AS **VIGILANTE** WILLINGLY RIDES ALONG WITH THE POSSE...

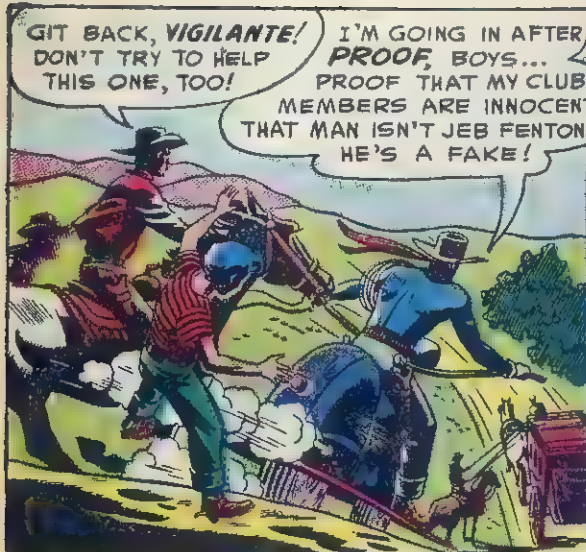
MAYBE YOU *DID* SEE THE REAL PETE BAKER GO IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION, **VIGILANTE**, AND MAYBE YOU *WERE* TRICKED... BUT MY BOYS HAVE TO BE **SURE!**

THAT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME, SHERIFF! YOU SEE, I'VE PROVEN TO MYSELF THAT SOMEONE IS FRAMING THESE MEN!

BUT SUDDENLY, AS THE RIDERS TOP A RISE EN ROUTE TO THE CLUB...

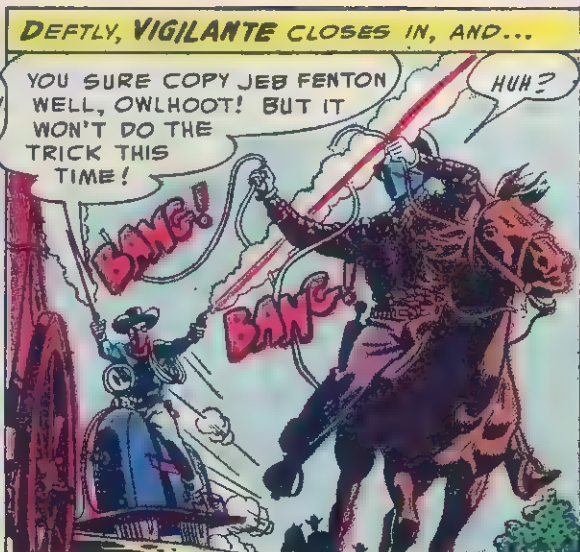
GREAT SCOTT! ONLY JEB FENTON CAN TWIRL ROPES LIKE THAT HOMRE!

HE'S ATTACKING THE LITTLE STAGECOACH THE TOURIST FOLKS USE UP AT THE HILL RESORT!



GIT BACK, **VIGILANTE!**
DON'T TRY TO HELP
THIS ONE, TOO!

I'M GOING IN AFTER
PROOF, BOYS...
PROOF THAT MY CLUB
MEMBERS ARE INNOCENT!
THAT MAN ISN'T JEB FENTON.
HE'S A FAKE!



DEFTLY, VIGILANTE CLOSES IN, AND...

YOU SURE COPY JEB FENTON
WELL, OWLHOOT! BUT IT
WON'T DO THE
TRICK THIS
TIME!

HUH?



NOW TO GET RIGHT TO
THE BOTTOM OF THIS
WHOLE BUSINESS!

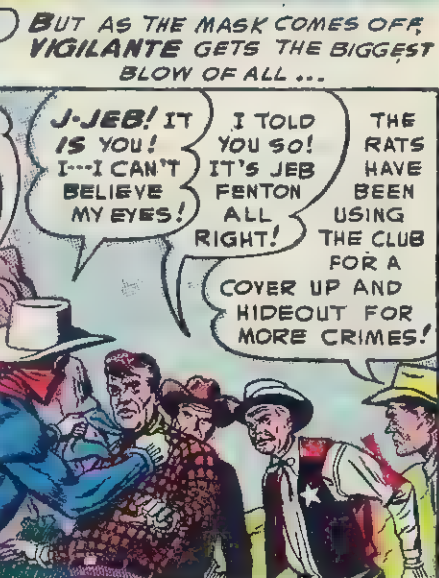
V-VIGILANTE!



GO AHEAD... TAKE HIS MASK
OFF, **VIGILANTE!**

SURE... THAT'LL
CONVINCE YUH... AS IF
YUH DIDN'T **ALREADY**
KNOW!

I'M NOT WORRIED!
HERE GOES...

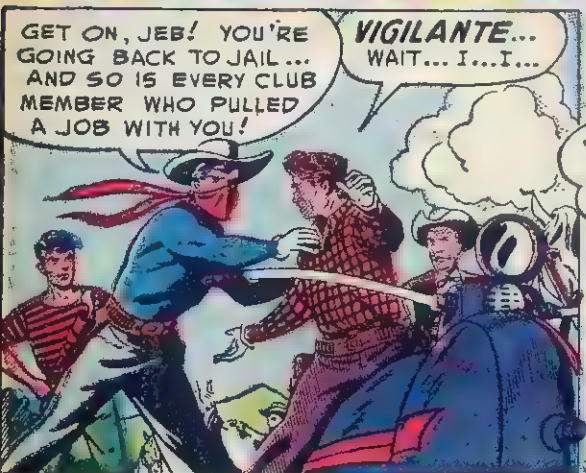


BUT AS THE MASK COMES OFF, VIGILANTE GETS THE BIGGEST BLOW OF ALL ...

J-JEB! IT IS YOU!
I--I CAN'T
BELIEVE
MY EYES!

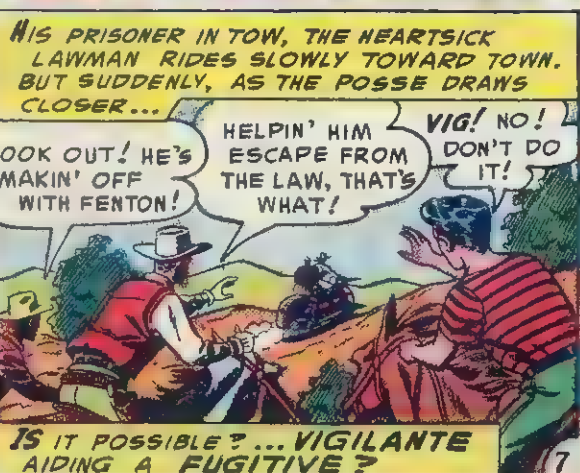
I TOLD
YOU SO!
IT'S JEB
FENTON
ALL
RIGHT!

THE
RATS
HAVE
BEEN
USING
THE CLUB
FOR A
COVER UP
AND
HIDEOUT
FOR MORE
CRIMES!



GET ON, JEB! YOU'RE
GOING BACK TO JAIL...
AND SO IS EVERY CLUB
MEMBER WHO PULLED
A JOB WITH YOU!

VIGILANTE...
WAIT... I... I...



HIS PRISONER IN TOW, THE HEARTSICK LAWMAN RIDES SLOWLY TOWARD TOWN. BUT SUDDENLY, AS THE POSSE DRAWS CLOSER...

'LOOK OUT! HE'S
MAKIN' OFF
WITH FENTON!

HELPIN' HIM
ESCAPE FROM
THE LAW, THAT'S
WHAT!

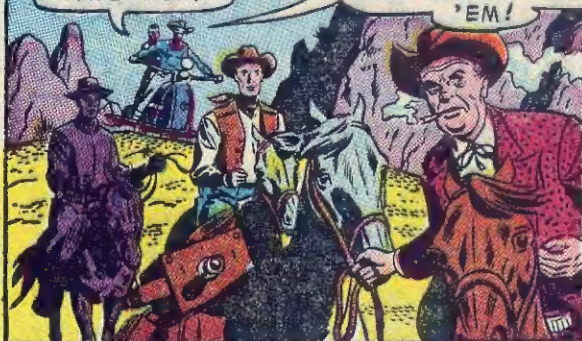
VIG! NO!
DON'T DO
IT!

IS IT POSSIBLE? ... VIGILANTE AIDING A FUGITIVE?

SECONDS LATER, AS THE **VIG-CYCLE** ROARS OVER THE RISE OF A NEARBY HILL...

THERE THEY ARE, **VIGILANTE**, JUST LIKE I SAID! IT'S ALL TRUE!

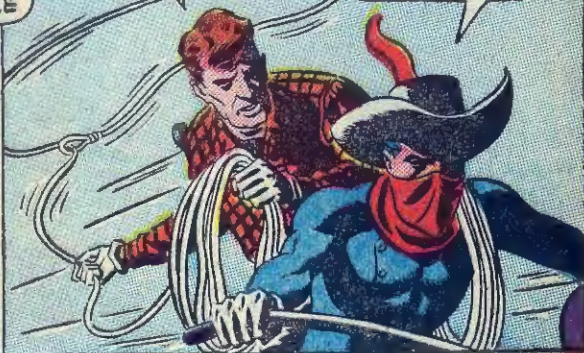
GREAT HANNAH! I'M SURE GLAD I PLAYED MY TRUST TO THE END, JEB! LET'S TACKLE 'EM!



SWIFTLY, THE PAIR MOVES IN WITH A VENGEANCE...

THAT TWIN-TAILED SNAKE! JUST LET ME AT HIM!

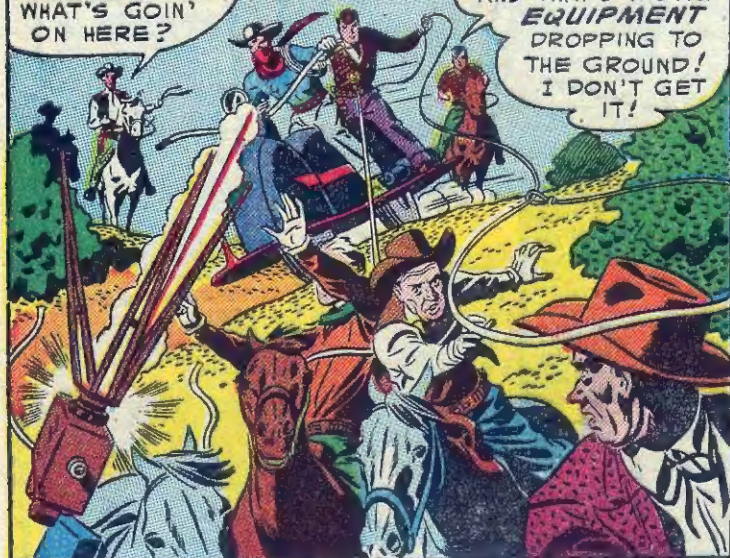
GO TO IT, JEB! YOU'VE SURE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE, AFTER THAT STORY YOU TOLD ME!



AND AS THE POSSE ARRIVES...

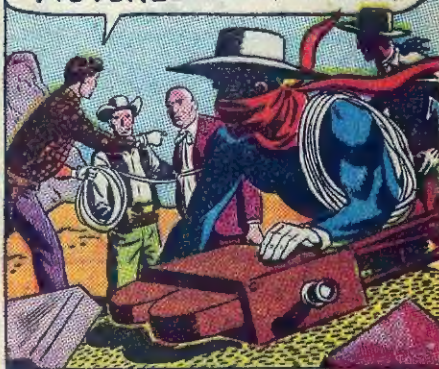
THUNDERATION! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

IT'S BEN BOULDER AND HIS GANG! AND THAT'S **MOVIE EQUIPMENT** DROPPING TO THE GROUND! I DON'T GET IT!



SOON COMES THE STARTLING EXPLANATION...

YOU SEE, BOYS, I WASN'T REALLY ROBBING THAT COACH! IT WAS HIRED FROM THE TOURIST RANCH SO THAT THIS RAT COULD TAKE **MOTION PICTURES** OF MY TRICKS!



AND SO PRESENTLY, BACK AT THE REFORMED OWLHOOT CLUB...

HE TOLD US CLUB MEMBERS HE WAS JOINING US, AND TALKED US INTO GIVING **VIGILANTE** A SURPRISE, BY MAKING MOVIES OF OUR SKILLS, DEEP BACK IN THE HILLS!

YES... BUT ACTUALLY, BOULDER WAS USING THE FILMS TO TEACH **HIRED TRICK RIDERS** TO DUPLICATE THOSE SKILLS FOR **CRIME** FIGURING FOLKS WOULD BLAME THE CLUB!

GOOD THING PETE BAKER SLIPPED OFF TO GET SOME GRUB IN TOWN! OTHERWISE, EVEN YOU MIGHT NEVER HAVE BELIEVED THE TRUTH, **VIGILANTE!**

SHERIFF! I NEVER COULD LOSE FAITH IN MY MEN...NOT UNTIL THE LAST CARD WAS PLAYED!



THE END

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